

# LONDON SOCIETY.

MAY, 1872.



## AT COURT.

BY A GENTLEMAN ON GUARD.

WHEN I am *chez moi* I am one of the quietest men in the world. After my breakfast I stroll down to my club in Pall Mall, and read and doze until the coffee-room waiter calls me periodically to take my meals. On a particularly fine day (if it occur in the season) I lounge into the Park, and seat myself upon a chair. Probably you have seen me a score of times, and yet have never noticed me. I

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am not at all surprised at this. It is my great object in life to escape observation. I wear sad-coloured clothes, and am always six months in arrear of the prevailing fashion. I detest gaiety and dissipation, and quite look upon myself as one on the retired list, so far as the world is concerned. In a word, I am *blasé*. Were it in my power, I would hide myself in a sort of sociable monastery, with a

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bow-window, in St. James's Street, and a *cordon bleu* in the kitchen. I should like to be abbot of such a society. Our rules of life should be framed upon the Carlton, and our dinners upon the Wyndham. If any of our brothers behaved particularly well, they should be allowed a visit of recreation to Brooks's; if they disobeyed any of our regulations they should be banished to the cold grandeur of the Senior United.

Having told you my tastes, you may possibly be surprised to learn that on certain occasions I discard the unpretentious mufti of everyday life, and appear in all the glory of scarlet and gold. In exchange for my unobtrusive Lock, I assume a gilt helmet of pantomimic proportions, surmounted by gigantic feathers of virgin white. Poole's frock-coat gives place to a red swallow-tail garment, elaborately embroidered and be-bulldogged (if I may coin a word to express epaulettes of wonderful construction, and yards of tags and laces) to the highest degree of imperfection. My dark-grey trousers are superseded by gorgeous overalls. Huge spurs grow out of my military boots; and gauntlets cover my hands, *à la* lavender kids retired. I lay aside my trusty umbrella, to carry (on my arrival at my post) a weapon, combining in its structure the form of a barber's pole with the gilding of a stage-fairy's wishing-wand. Thus apparelled, I march down St. James's Street, and take my way to Buckingham Palace. I am envied by Volunteer Captains, saluted by Grenadier sentries, and pitied by myself! In a word, I belong to that distinguished company of body-guards, her Majesty's Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. It is a small, but distinguished band. Times were, when it contained many a wealthy parvenu,

in spite of its old title of 'Gentlemen Pensioners;' but nowadays admission to its ranks can only be obtained by merit. Medals and Victoria Crosses have become almost a part of our accoutrements. In this band of soldiers every man has proved himself able to command. Most of us have been wounded at one time or the other; and all of us have worthily maintained the positions assigned to us by our commissions of 'officers and gentlemen.' As the above remarks may savour of self-laudation, I may, perhaps, be permitted to add that, by some strange neglect, my name has been omitted in the Army List muster-roll. And now, having explained how it comes that a quiet club-man, like myself, is in a position to discourse about the doings of the Court, I proceed to open my portfolio of sketches.

Scene—the Mall, St. James's. Time—two o'clock, p.m., on a Drawing-room day. As I clank my spurs under the trees, I find a long thin line of carriages. The coachmen are be-wigged, and the footmen be-powdered. State liveries and bouquets are the order of the day. Standing round each equipage is a crowd composed of *gamins*, pickpockets, and clerks out of work. The crowds have followed the band of the Grenadiers to the Palace, to assist in mounting guard, and have now lounged back to look at the company. There is not very much to be seen. Just peeping from a perfect ocean of tulle, are a few heads, chiefly of the female order of architecture. Diamonds and feathers surmount wonderful exploits in human hair, covering the tops of human faces. Here and there may be discovered the weather-beaten countenance of a veteran admiral, or the fresh-looking features of a lieutenant in one of her Majesty's regiments of Lancers. These last are the fathers,

husbands, and brothers of the ladies who are to 'present,' or to be 'presented.' Now and again I come across an Eastern potentate blazing in jewels, who, nevertheless, leaves an impression upon my mind that he is capable, in spite of his grandeur, of swallowing any number of short swords, and tossing up any number of brass balls, in the privacy of his study. As the carriages are drawn along at the pace generally admitted to be the average speed of the ordinary garden snail, I have plenty of time to examine their occupants.

*Place aux dames.* The first lady who attracts my attention is of foreign extraction—in fact, no less a person than la Duchesse de Soles à Gratin. Everybody who is anybody knows all about her. A few seasons ago she surprised fashionable London by the profusion of her expenditure. She had the finest box at the Opera, and the best-horsed carriage in the Drive. Her 'dances' were attended by the 'first set,' and her name was included in all the lists honoured with the distinction of publication by the editor of the 'Morning Post.' Her jewels were superb, and her dresses magnificent. No one quite knew the name and rank of her grandfather. It was rumoured at the St. James's (where foreign attachés are wont to congregate) that the more respectable of her ancestors had something to do with chocolate-making. But in spite of this *on dit* the family history of the Soles à Gratin was more or less shrouded in mystery. She sprung into prosperity with the rise of the Empire. Her husband was exceedingly useful to a certain great man, at a time when the great man urgently needed assistance. Strange to say, the great man was grateful, and upon that gratitude arose the fortune of the present generation of Soles à

Gratin. There are sinister rumours afloat, to the effect that the Prussian occupation has proved disastrous to the interests of the noble house. It is whispered that this season the private box of the Duchesse has been let to another occupant, and that the greys so well known in the Park have already been disposed of to an opulent stockbroker. Be this as it may, there is the Duchesse driving to the Palace in all the dignity of diamonds and point-lace.

Passing on, I come across another foreigner. She is an *émigré*. Ever since the fall of the Legitimists, forty years ago, she has resided in England. Under Louis Philippe, she paid a flying visit to her dear Paris, and returned, declaring that the Faubourg St. Germain was republican. She is very old indeed, and will totter into the Presence weighed down with false brown hair and imitation teeth. She belongs to one of the best families in France, and is as proud as Lucifer. She ignores the *régimes* of the last thirty years, and talks of the Duchesse de Soles à Gratin as 'that *bourgeoise*.' The other day she wanted to visit the Comte de Chambord (she calls him *le roi*), at Antwerp; and when the companion (who, ill-natured people say, is a keeper from a private asylum) prevented her, she cried like a child. Poor old creature! She wears no jewelry; her diamonds have been sent to help to buy the Prussians out of France. I fear I shall not see her next year. She is sinking fast, and will never recover the burning of the Tuileries and the fall of Metz.

The lady I have just saluted is a Scotchwoman. Her auburn hair is not the 'loveliest of the plain,' and resembles, more or less, a favourite vegetable served up with boiled beef at the dinners of the humble. Lady Mac Stinger is

a widow with two unmarried daughters, who sit facing her on this occasion. She 'entertains' in the season, and her cards are much prized by the *crème de la crème* of Bayswater and the first families of Peckham. I can't speak of her 'music, small and earlies,' from personal experience, as I have always found myself 'unfortunately engaged' when I have been asked to attend them. However, a man who once ventured into her presence, on the night of one of her festivals, has informed me that he found—'What was not negus was squalling.' I considered the remark not only vulgar, but unfeeling. Still, human nature is human nature, and I have shunned her hospitality ever since.

Passing along the line I come to a very gorgeous carriage indeed. The panels are covered with a coat of arms of gigantic proportions, the footmen are over six feet two inches in height, and the coachman's wig is something to admire and venerate. Were I a foreigner I should imagine the carriage to belong to the 'Lor Maire,' but being a man about town, I recognise the well-known 'form' of Mrs. Plantagenet Browne. It may be asked, Who is the lady in question? Well, it is difficult to say. Her husband, it is believed, is 'something in the city,' a position entailing any amount of storehouses, and fleets of mercantile marine. However, no one cares very much about him. His wife, on the contrary, is remarkably well known. She serves as moon to the sun of Lady Sansceur—in other words, she has been 'taken up' by Lady Sansceur. Few people know Mrs. Browne personally, although hundreds have danced at her balls, and partaken of her dinners. Those who have spoken to her

say that she is a harmless kind of creature, with an uneasy manner, and a difficulty about the letter 'h.' Although admitted into society, she plays a very unimportant part in the great comedy of the season—Lady Sansceur relieves her of all the responsibilities of entertaining. It is her ladyship who sends out the invitations, and receives the guests. All Mrs. Browne has to do is to pay for everything, and sit quietly in a corner of one of her own drawing-rooms. She is not expected to speak, except when spoken to. By order of her patron, Lady Sansceur, she has recently sent her husband into the 'house.' He is not a very distinguished member. When there the poor fellow hides all night in the wretched subterranean smoking-room attached to that establishment, until 'unearthed' by the whip, in time to vote in a division in support of his party. This is a great day for the family. To-morrow the morning papers will announce, in the 'list of presentations,'—

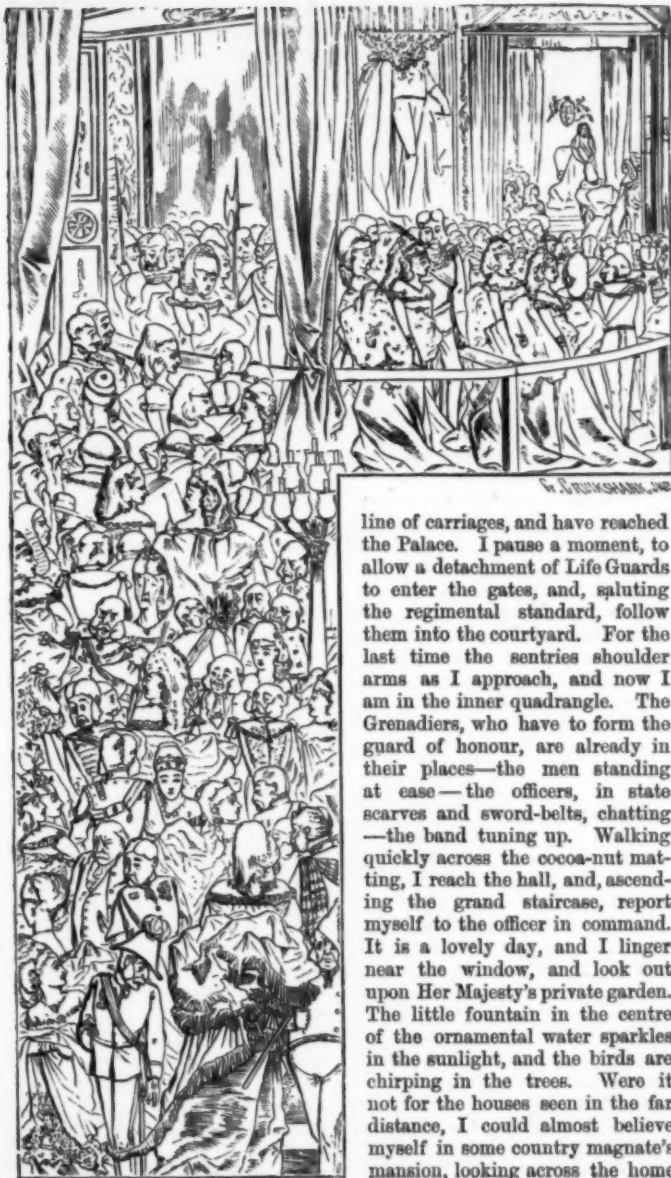
Mrs. Plantagenet Browne, by the Lady Sansceur.

Miss Rosina Plantagenet Browne, by her mother, Mrs. Plantagenet Browne.

The rather faded woman in the lace and diamonds is Lady Sansceur; the portly person in yellow and green is Mrs. Plantagenet Browne; and the 'young thing' in blush roses and turquoise is, of course, Miss Rosie. I don't think any one of the occupants of the carriage is quite at her ease. The Sansceur is too grand for the Brownes, and the Brownes are too vulgar for the Sansceur. Why has Lady Sansceur taken up 'these people?' Ah! only her ladyship's banker could answer that question.

By this time I have passed the





line of carriages, and have reached the Palace. I pause a moment, to allow a detachment of Life Guards to enter the gates, and, saluting the regimental standard, follow them into the courtyard. For the last time the sentries shoulder arms as I approach, and now I am in the inner quadrangle. The Grenadiers, who have to form the guard of honour, are already in their places—the men standing at ease—the officers, in state scarves and sword-belts, chatting—the band tuning up. Walking quickly across the cocoa-nut matting, I reach the hall, and, ascending the grand staircase, report myself to the officer in command. It is a lovely day, and I linger near the window, and look out upon Her Majesty's private garden. The little fountain in the centre of the ornamental water sparkles in the sunlight, and the birds are chirping in the trees. Were it not for the houses seen in the far distance, I could almost believe myself in some country magnate's mansion, looking across the home

park. But, no! there is no mistaking those gigantic buildings beyond the high wall. In spite of the fountain, the green grass, the splendid trees, and the carefully tended flower beds, I feel that I am still in London. Ah! there is the spot where the grand marquee was pitched for last year's garden party. I can almost picture to myself the place as I saw it then, with its visitors of both sexes—the ladies in all the colours of the rainbow, and the men in that extraordinary combination of light trousers and black tail coats, which made the day so remarkable in the annals of tailordom. I have not much time for meditation, for I am soon told off to help a brother 'at arms' to guard a barrier.

I have described to you the details of my uniform; and now perhaps it may interest you to hear the nature of my duties. I assume my gorgeous apparel to serve as a sort of magnificent doorkeeper, to check a crowd of splendid rioters. For three long and weary hours it is my business to stem the current of a pushing crushing crowd of 'people moving in society.' The first time I was on guard I was fairly taken by surprise. Men and women, who I had known as the laziest loungers in the Row, suddenly changed their natures, and rushed past me as if I had been a Lambeth policeman, and they sight seers anxious to gain admittance into the gallery of the Victoria Theatre on Boxing night! However, now I regard the scene with equanimity. If it were not that I belonged to a high Tory family, I verily believe that the excesses of a Drawing-room mob would convert me to republicanism!

As I stand by the bar, and periodically admit sixty or seventy persons from one room to another,

I have plenty of time to sketch those who pass me. The first man who crushes by me, pulling his wife after him, is Sir John Chawbacon, bart. He is a country squire, and a right good fellow on his own acres. His tenantry regard him as a father, and love him as the Highlander loves his chief. He is wearing a magnificent uniform, which I recognise as the garb of the Blankshire Yeomanry. This same costume is not particularly military looking—there is a good deal too much silver about it, and it is covered with buttons—in fact, poor Sir John, to judge from his costume, might be mistaken for the veteran page of a showy Lord Mayor. As he passes me with a nod, and a hearty shake of the hand, he whispers,—'Slow work this, but the wife *would* make me come.' Then the bar is put down, and he is in the great room.

I now find facing me the young Viscount Frangipanni, escorting his two sisters, the Honorable Alice and Mary Millefleurs. He is wearing the captain's uniform of a north country militia regiment, and is pale and anxious. The young man (if report is to be believed) has had rather a hard time of it lately. A year or two ago he took a theatre, not a hundred miles from (let us say) Liverpool, with a view to introducing Shakespeare to the minds of the lower orders. In stage parlance, the immortal William was 'a frost,' and soon gave place to a very modern burlesque, with a very French ballet of Can-Can dancers. This programme attracted, for some time, the young men of the upper classes, and then the theatre collapsed. Since then the noble viscount has turned his attention a good deal to literature, without very much success. His novel—

"Crushed Rose-buds"—lost him more money than it gained for him applause. However, he was not altogether unsatisfied, as that fashionable journal, 'The Royal Palace Register,' gave him a critique extending over three columns of closely printed matter. It was said by the spiteful, that there was a great similarity in the styles of the writer of the review and the author of the novel. Be this as it may, Frangipanni is excessively proud of the notice, and talks about his novel as 'very kindly treated by the reviewers.' He nods at me patronizingly, as a celebrity in the world of literature and fashion, and passes on.

The next individual who presents himself at the bar is a gentleman personally unknown to me. However, I soon find out his name, by his thrusting into my hand the card which should be given to the Lord Chamberlain. 'Look here, Mister,' says he; 'this is all right, ain't it?' and I read "Sir James Tallow, Knight." He is (I can see it at a glance) a city alderman. He wears an old-fashioned court dress, which I suspect has been picked up cheap at a costumier's, and is of the shop—shoppy. He is portly and pretentious, and is highly indignant at being elbowed by the crowd. 'Do you know who I am, sir?' he asks of an old general, who is quickly making his way to the front. 'No, I

do not,' is the reply. 'I thought not. My name is Tallow—Alderman Sir James Tallow;' and there is a titter of laughter as, puffing and ruddy with anger, he passes past the bar into the next room.

And the crowd flows on and on, in a continuous stream, from two till four. Deputy-lieutenants by the score—soldiers by the hundred—and ladies by the thousand. So it seems to me, as I wait wearily at my post, hoping against hope that the duty will soon be over. At last the few remaining uniform wearers and be-diamonded dames come to the bar, and are passed in. Thank goodness! my work is done.

As I leave the Palace the Life Guards are on their way to their barracks, and the Grenadiers are marching home to the gay strains of their band. The crowd is quietly dispersing as the last carriage passes the gates, and men are lighting the gas lamps. Accompanied by a friend I stroll down the now nearly-deserted Mall, and enter the courtyard of St. James's. The Drawing-room ends with the mess for the Gentlemen-at-Arms. What passes at that meal it is not for me to say. Many hint, however, that it is not the least pleasant hour of the day, that in which we pledge one another in still hock, and drink the health of the Queen in after-dinner Lafitte.



## KITES AND PIGEONS.\*

*A Fablette, in Two Parts.*

By JOSEPH HATTON,

EDITOR OF THE 'GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.'

## PART I.—CHAPTER I.

## CONSPIRATORS.



HAVE given my word to marry you to one of our guests within a month, have I not?' said Colonel Tippits, of the First Poppleton Militia, to his daughter, Clementina.

'You have, papa! And I am sure you will keep your word,' said the lady, rolling a pair of full grey eyes with a languishing air, which she had practised for five-and-twenty years.

'As the daughter of your widowed mother, introduced into this sublunary sphere long before I had the pleasure of knowing the dear departed, society may not consider that I have any special duty to perform in your case; but

\* The Author desires to state that the incidents in this story are partly founded on fact, and partly shaped out of the underplot of an old play of the last century.

I have—yes I have, Clementina, and that duty shall be done.'

'Thanks, thanks, dear papa; as you were saying over your first cup of coffee, the property of Mr. Thornton's uncle joins your estate, and it certainly would be an advantage if I formed a matrimonial alliance with that gentleman.'

'You are a dutiful girl, Clementina. If such a union could be negotiated, I know you would do what is right. I have brought the gentleman here under your own immediate influence. I leave the rest to you.'

'The only unfortunate incident in the business is Miss Austin's return,' said Clementina, toying pathetically with an empty egg-shell. 'Your ward, sir, is always in my way. Why the London season could not have lasted another week I cannot think.'

'Another week, and to-morrow is the 1st of September, the glorious first, as they call it. What are you talking of, my dear? It would be an utter impossibility. London could never think of committing such an offence against the social laws. The season last another week, bless the child!'

The child was a gushing young thing of five-and-forty, a plump, round, enthusiastic heap of womanhood, with an armful of false hair hanging down her back, a pair of cheeks that would insist on being red, despite powder and other appliances, and two big grey eyes that rolled, and lan-

guished, and searched for a husband. The papa was a tall, weak-headed gentleman, who had made his way from a lowly position to one of comparative affluence. No one ever knew what the colonel's origin was, and no one inquired. He had been a well-to-do man for more than fifteen years, during five of which he had lived at Tinsell Hall, where our story opens.

'You need not fear Miss Austin, love,' said the Colonel, passing his hand carefully through his scanty hair, and looking at himself in a conveniently-placed mirror. 'You need not fear poor Miss Austin.'

'Poor Miss Austin! I do not understand you,' said Clementina. 'I only know I hate the minx because she is not poor.'

'Hate her no longer, child of my heart—no I didn't exactly mean that, rather let me say, child of my widowed years. She is not the heiress you imagine. I have sworn to marry you; and, in order to do it, I have taken the jewel out of the Austin diadem.'

'You are too clever for me, you dear old thing,' said Miss Tippits, getting up, and kissing her papa-in-law on the forehead.

'There, no demonstration, love. Save your kisses for Mr. Thornton, or Mr. Pigeon junior. These are the two chances I give you this week. One bird is in the house now; the other is on his way. If you do not bag one of them, it will not be my fault.'

'Nor mine, sir,' said Miss Tippits, surveying her back hair furtively by the aid of a pier glass and mirror.

'We must not finish breakfast before Mr. Thornton comes down,' said the Colonel. 'I told him we should not wait for him. These young swells like that sort of thing. It is familiar, and makes them at home; and is, I believe,

the correct thing in the very best society.'

'Yes, papa dear; but you were going to say something about Miss Austin.'

'There are no secrets between us, Clementina,' said the Colonel, putting a heavy gold-rimmed glass in his eye, and balancing it there with difficulty. 'You have played a daughter's part towards me in the most dutiful and affectionate manner; you have kept my house economically, and looked after my accounts as faithfully as one could possibly expect in a woman, and I reciprocate.'

'Yes,' said Miss Tippits, impatiently; 'yes. Go on.'

'Miss Austin, as my ward, possessed a large estate in India. Miss A. came of age a month ago. I have relieved her of the bother of an uncertain kind of property, you know, by settling upon her one thousand a year, in return for which she gives up to Colonel Tippits, of Tinsell Hall, the whole of her lands, tenements, hereditaments, and property whatsoever, and her reversionary interest in old Twizall's will; so we are now worth, my child, something like eight thousand a year more than we possessed a month ago, and your rival is not an heiress.'

'Oh, you dear papa! oh, you love!'

'Don't gush; it is not polite,' said the Colonel.

'Oh, if you could only make her ten years older, and take away her complexion, I would back myself to beat her in a canter. And you, dear Colonel, you my dear second father, my papa, and mother, and friend all in one, you now will be able to go into parliament.'

'Ah, there you hit me, Clementina,' said the Colonel, rising to his feet, and striking an attitude

suggestive of walking into parliament at the head of the poll. 'When I received the colonelship of my regiment at Inglenook, I said—you remember the vow—my next step is a greater one still. 'Gentlemen, brother electors, free-men of the glorious borough of Inglenook, the time has now arrived when you are once more called upon to exercise the highest privilege of Englishmen.'

'Hear, hear,' said Miss Tippits, not, however, without a pang of regret for having led the conversation into a channel which always became tedious.

'The time, I say, has now arrived,' continued the Colonel, addressing the breakfast-table, and scowling at Miss Tippits; 'the time has now arrived when, according to the laws of your great though unhappy country, you may make your voices heard in the Senate of the land by electing to that assembly a man of your own choice.'

Miss Tippits again exclaimed, 'Hear, hear!' and as she did so, there entered upon the scene Mr. Thornton, a young man of good family, and, what Society would call, excellent prospects. There was, however, a feud between himself and his uncle. Happily this would not prevent Thornton from coming in for his uncle's property some day, seeing that the estate could not be left to any one else. Mr. Thornton liked going down to shoot at Tinsell Hall, because it joined the property to which he was the rightful heir, and he could inspect it from Colonel Tippits's stubbles.

'Ah, Colonel, rehearsing your hustings' speech?' said Mr. Thornton. 'Good morning, Miss Tippits. I hope I have not kept breakfast waiting.'

'No, Mr. Thornton; papa said we were to treat you as one of the

family, and thus try to make you feel quite at home. Do you take tea or coffee?'

'You are very good,' said Mr. Thornton; 'I will take coffee.'

'No, did not wait, you see, Thornton; make you quite one of ourselves; no stranger, as I shall say to my constituents—true friendship means familiarity.'

'But familiarity breeds contempt, they say. You must correct your little speech, sir. Eh, Miss Tippits?'

'Oh, certainly; yes, by all means,' said Clementina.

'Happy thought! Thank you, Mr. Thornton. It would never do to lay oneself open to the opposition by a slip of that kind. Two heads are better than one,' said the Colonel.

'Oh, yes!' said Miss T.

'If they are only sheeps' heads, as the proverb hath it,' responded Thornton.

'He means that for a dig at me,' thought the Colonel; 'no matter, I'll be even with him; I'll marry him to Clementina.'

'Proverbs are stupid things as a rule,' said the Colonel. 'What do you propose to do this morning, Mr. Thornton?'

'I am going to give Miss Tippits a lesson in billiards, if she will permit me; and then I propose to reconnoitre three or four coveys of birds, so that I may know exactly where they lie in the morning.'

'That is very kind of you,' said Miss Tippits.

At this moment a servant announced that Miss Austin had arrived. Miss Tippits only said, 'Indeed!'

Mr. Thornton looked curiously at his host.

'Excuse me,' he said, 'did your servant say Miss Austin? Pray excuse me as one of the family; the name interests me much.'



'The servant did say Miss Austin,' Colonel Tippits replied.

'Is her name Kate?' asked Mr. Thornton, laying down his knife and fork, and wiping his hands with a napkin, 'daughter of an old Indian heiress, staying in Belgrave Square with her aunt?'

'Yes,' said Miss Tippits, gasping out the words in an agony of jealous apprehension; 'my papa's ward.'

'Bless my soul!' exclaimed Mr. Thornton, unable to control his feelings. 'This is a pleasure!'

Miss Tippits and the Colonel exchanged looks of chagrin, just as Miss Kate Austin entered the room.

'Back again, you see, Colonel,' said Kate.

'Welcome to Tinsell Hall,' exclaimed the Colonel, taking Miss Austin's hand.

'Mr. Thornton!' said Miss Austin, suddenly seeing the Colonel's guest. 'This is a surprise!'

'It is indeed,' said Thornton, shaking her hand with an enthusiasm which was a little foreign to



his nature. 'Colonel Tippits, you have no idea what a surprise this is. Would you believe it, Miss Tippits, I began to fear I should never see Miss Austin again. I met her at a ball last season. I have hunted after her everywhere this year, and have never been able to find her.'

'How singular!' said Miss Tippits.

'Infernally singular,' said the Colonel to himself. 'Have you breakfasted, Miss Austin?'

'Yes, thank you; an hour ago,' Miss Austin replied. 'I came from town exactly in forty minutes.'

'For my part,' said Miss Tippits, 'I wonder how any one can exist in town at this time of the year.'

'The season has appeared a long one to me, I confess,' said Kate; 'I was heartily tired of it.'

'When my dear papa got his colonelcy a month ago, and his regiment was up for a month's

training at Inglenook, and he had to leave town in consequence, I came with him at once, though it was at the sacrifice of a Frogmore garden party.'

'A good fib well told,' the Colonel thought.

'I am rejoiced to hear you were glad to get into the country,' said Mr. Thornton; 'London is a wicked place.'

'Is it not?' said Clementina, rolling her eyes at Mr. Thornton, and making up her mind to run Miss Austin hard for the hand of her friend.

Here a servant entered with a letter, which the Colonel looked at several times through his eyeglass, and then, with due apology, read, giving the breakfast-room the full benefit of its contents.

'Oh, indeed; ah, very good. Mr. Tom Pigeon junior, and Mr. Theophilus Pigeon senior, will arrive at the Inglenook Hotel to-day. Dear me; very good. We must call upon them, Miss Tuppits. They are a strange pair, Mr. Thornton.'

'The Pigeons?' said Mr. Thornton.

'Yes. Ah, very good, Mr. Thornton—pair of pigeons; pardonable joke; retired merchants, sir; met them in London the other day.'

'Now, Mr. Thornton, I am ready for my lesson at billiards, if you have really finished breakfast,' said Miss Tuppits, interrupting something the guest was saying in an undertone to Kate.

'Certainly,' said Mr. Thornton, offering his arm to the buxom coquette of forty-five. 'Miss Austin, will you join us? We are going into the billiard-room.'

'No, thank you,' said the lady; 'I must assist my maid to unpack presently. Meanwhile, I will stay with the Colonel.'

Miss Tuppits congratulated her-

self that she had made the first score. As she left the room she rolled her eyes significantly at the Colonel; but she did not see the disappointed expression on Mr. Thornton's face as he glanced reproachfully at Kate Austin.

## CHAPTER II.

### ARRIVALS AT THE GREEN DRAGON.

Two voices; the first a husky, panting voice, struggling under a burden; the second a sharp ringing cockney voice, making its way from the hotel yard and through several passages into the best ground-floor private sitting-room.

'I'm blown if ever I see such a gent in all my life,' said the first voice, which was the voice of the Green Dragon boots, 'and I've seen a few in my time.'

'I say, hi, there! You there!' exclaimed the second voice in the hotel yard; 'will you fetch this luggage, or will you not? it is not much I ask; will you or won't you?'

'Coming, sir,' said the boots, bundling an armful of bags and wrappers upon the floor.

'Will you or won't you?' said the voice from without.

'Coming, sir,' said the boots from within.

'Coming; so is the end of the world—never saw such management,' answered the cockney in the yard.

At this moment the landlord was heard introducing himself to the noisy visitor, and the voice became more conciliatory; you heard it saying, 'Very well, very well; it is not much I ask; if the luggage will be taken in—soon, all right.'

At the end of the coffee-room, exactly opposite the door leading into the hall and yard, there enters a tall, gaunt figure.

'Who are these new arrivals? fancy I know the voice.'

'Oh how do you do, Mr. Kite, beg pardon for not seeing you; the governor's got him in tow now, thank goodness; they're father and son from London, sir—by morning mail—the young'un is like the gent with the cork leg; never saw his equal.'

'Ah! yes,' says Mr. Kite, aloud, supplementing the remark with a private communication to himself; 'my old master, the rich

tailor of Bond Street, and his harem scarem son; I'll step aside and reconnoitre.'

'Oh, you think you've got all, do you,' says the voice from without, evidently following a second porter laden with luggage. 'Wonderful! you shall have a medal for thinking, you shall.'

With which remark, Mr. Tom Pigeon enters the best private sitting-room.

'Never saw such a set of slow coaches,' he continues, as he con-



"I SHALL NOT STIR FROM  
HERE UNTIL THE TIME

templates the boots and his assistants. 'Pity the Green Dragon himself don't turn up; he'd keep you alive.'

'Shouldn't want no Green Dragon to do that if you was here, sir,' says the boots.

'Hollo!, where's the governor?' exclaims Mr. Tom Pigeon, feeling in his pockets as if he expected to find him there; and then suddenly disappearing in the hall and returning with an elderly gentleman.

'Come along, governor, come along—keep moving—the family motto, you know,' says Mr. Tom Pigeon.

'Moving,' says the governor, who was no other than Tom's respected father. 'Keep moving, why I am worn out already; my appointment with Colonel Tippias is not until one o'clock, and I shall have to sit here and bite my nails for the next two hours.'

'Bite your nails!' exclaims the

younger traveller, 'nothing of the sort.'

'I shall not stir from here until the time,' says old Pigeon, carefully seating himself on an old-fashioned sofa.

'All right,' replies his son. Rings the bell. 'Waiter!'

'Yes, sir,' responds the chief waiter of the Dragon.

'Where's Miller's farm?'

'Who's Miller?' asks Mr. Pigeon senior.

'Never mind who Miller is,' responds the son, 'that's my affair—that's my secret, guv. You have your secrets, I have mine;—that's fair, eh? But you shall see my secret, dad, nevertheless. Waiter, why don't you tell me how far it is to Miller's farm? Say you will or you won't—that is all I ask—you will or you won't.'

'You never give me time, sir,' says the waiter.

'Time, sir!' exclaims Tom; give you time; time is not to be given away, waiter; take it by the forelock and keep moving; that's the way to deal with time.'

'Two mile, sir—that's the distance.'

'Right you are; when you have anything to say, say it quickly and at once. What can we have for dinner?'

'But, sir,' began the waiter.

'Don't but me,' says Tom, familiarly pushing the waiter out of the room. Be off and see what there is for dinner; and order a four-wheeler to take me to Mr. Miller's farm.'

'For shame, Tommy, you should not be so impetuous,' says Mr. Pigeon senior, who, instead of stopping the torrent only increased its velocity.

'There you are again,' says Tom; 'now didn't I tell you not to call me Tommy—did I or did I not?—here we are a-going into

Society, and you are Tommying me just as if we were on the shop-board. And what do you mean by impetuous?—I never heard of such a word—you will have to go to a School Board and be polished, governor. Now it is not much a doating son asks of a doating father: will you drop the Tommy, the shop, and the tailor?'

'All right, Tommy,' says the father, sinning again in his very promise of amendment. Oh, lor! Tom—I mean, my dear Tom.'

'There, that will do,' says Tom, patting Mr. Pigeon senior affectionately on the back. Now will you tell me your business with this swell at Tinsell Castle. Secret for secret, eh?'

'No, Tom, I will not.'

'You won't.'

'No.'

'That's what I like,' says Tom. 'Smart and to the point.'

'It's only an old bill for liveries.'

'Governor—governor, that's a fib.'

'Well, look here, Tom, my boy,' says the father, preparing to make a statement; 'look here now—'

'No, no, Theophilus Pigeon, Esq., keep your secret; tell no fibs.'

'Well then, Tommy——' begins the father.

'Tommy again—hang Tommy. Can't you say Tom or Thomas or Jackass, or anything but Tommy? what is the good of our going into Society if it is always Tommy?'

'Well, then, Tom; for jackass you are not.'

'Sir to you,' says Tom.

'Well, then——'

'You've said that before; don't say it again.'

'No, I will not,' says Mr. Pigeon senior, getting up from his seat a little angrily; 'no, I will not. Remain in the dark.'

'In the dark be it,' says Tom,

nothing disconcerted; 'anything, so that it is decisive.'

'O, I am so tired,' says Mr. Pigeon senior.

'Then go to sleep, dear old boy,' says his son, promptly. 'There, tuck up your legs, and have a nap—a little drop of something short and an hour's nap.'

Tom's prescription was accepted. The reader would have been agreeably surprised could he have seen how affectionately Tom covered his father over with a travelling-rug, and made the sofa comfortable. If the son had no reverence for the author of his being he was not devoid of affection; though it tried his patience greatly that his father did not acquire with more rapidity what Tom considered the true habits and manners of Society.

### CHAPTER III.

#### TOM DISCOVERS HIS FATHER'S SECRET.

Mr. Tom Pigeon, having seen his father comfortably asleep, resolved to sit down quietly for a moment and reflect upon the situation. Miller's farm contained one of the prettiest and roundest little girls that the Cattle Show had ever brought to London with an English farmer. Tom was thinking that he would like to have driven tandem to Jessie Miller's home.

'That would have been the style,' he said to himself, imitating, as he sat in his chair, the action of driving a pair of restive horses. 'Dashing leader prancing through the town, cantering through the lanes—pull up at the farm—out runs Jessie to meet me—farmer wondering at the turn-out, and pretty little Jessie. Hollo!'

The exclamation was one of

pain. Tom had been sitting on his father's over-coat.

'Hollo! Oh, jemminy! Scissors and paving-stones! A needle a yard long! What the deuce does the governor do with needles in his pocket now that we have retired from the profession and are going into Society.'

Examining old Mr. Pigeon's coat, Tom discovered a needle-case and thimble.

'He promised me faithfully that he would drop the shop, and go into Society with me like a gentleman; and here he is going on worse than that fellow Kite, who used to be his head cutter-out.'

While Tom was discussing his father's shortcomings there fell out of the old man's coat a letter. It was addressed to Theophilus Pigeon, Esquire.

'Oh! oh! Esquire, eh? That means a hand in the governor's pocket, I'll swear,' said Tom, alternately glancing at his father asleep and the letter. 'We must read this, Thomas Pigeon junior, only son and heir of your father; we must not allow our dear father to be swindled; no. Here we go, then.'

*'Col. Tippits will be glad to extend the mortgage to 25,000*l.*, and hopes to see Mr. Pigeon on the first of September; and Col. Tippits further hopes that Mr. Pigeon will introduce his interesting son at Tinsell Castle on the first opportunity.'*

Tinsell Castle, Aug. 20.

Tom made a variety of significant gestures signifying surprise and delight. He shook his fist affectionately at the old man asleep on the sofa, and laughed silently all over his face. It was an expressive face, full of humour and intelligence. The mouth was large and flexible. It worked in comic sympathy with a pecu-

liar wink, with which Tom kept in good humour persons with whom he pretended to be very angry.

'That's the dear old governor's secret,' he said. 'He's worth twenty thousand pounds more than I thought, and, I dare say, another five-and-twenty thou to boot. Bravo, dad! Bravo, Theophilus Pigeon, Esquire! Bravo, Pigeon and Son!'

'Thought I'd remind you of the fly, sir,' said the waiter, entering just upon the consummation of Tom's discovery.

'Fly, sir. What do you mean?'

'The four-wheeler, sir.'

'Four-wheeler,' said Mr. Pigeon junior, remembering, for the first time since his arrival at the Dragon, that he had brought an eye-glass to accompany him into Society. 'Fly, four-wheeler—what do you mean?'

'The fly you ordered,' said the waiter.

'Some mistake,' said Mr. Pigeon junior, remembering that, with the eye-glass, he intended to revise his mode of speech. 'Ah, waiter; ah, some mistake. If I did order a fly it must have been months ago. I have found five-and-twenty thousand pounds since then. Make it a carriage and four, waiter. Yas, yas.'

The waiter disappeared, with a puzzled air; while Mr. Pigeon senior slept on, unconscious of the additional fillip which had been given to his son's ambitious views in regard to Society.

'Yas,' said Tom, waving his hand to himself in a misty glass over the mantel-shelf. 'Yas, this is the happiest day of my life. For a slow coach, the governor has kept moving after all. Go into Society! I should think we would—rather! See life! Just so. Motto, still keep moving.'

Mr. Kite, who had by this time

sufficiently remembered his old friend, now entered the room.

'How do you do?' he said. 'Who would have thought to find you in Inglenook?'

'Eh?' said Mr. Pigeon junior, critically examining Mr. Kite's boots and cravat through his glass.

'I asked after your health, sir,' said Kite, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking down upon his friend.

'Indeed,' said young Pigeon. 'Yas, yas.'

'Don't you know me?' asked Mr. Kite.

'Nevar saw you in my life before—nevar—assure you,' said Tom.

'Not remember your father's shopman?'

'Father never had a shop; therefore never had a shopman, d'ye see. Father's son don't know shops or shopmen. See?'

'Yes, I see. Very good; I see,' said Mr. Kite. 'My name ain't Kite. I never was a shopman, nor a cutter, nor anything of the sort. I am a gentleman; so are you, sir, I perceive. Mr. Pigeon, sir, I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well.'

'Very well, indeed, thank you—' said Tom. 'Are you in Society, Kite?'

'I should think I was,' said Mr. Kite, stretching out first his right arm and then his left, and pulling down a pair of white shirt-cuffs over a pair of faultlessly gloved hands. 'Should think I was in Society.'

'Ah, father and I are just going in,' said Tom, as if Society were an exhibition for which he had secured reserved seats.

'Indeed; Mr. Pigeon, I am delighted; we shall often meet. I am down here professionally, preparing the way for return of Colonel Tippits as a member of Parliament.'



'Ah, yes; we know Tippits,' said Mr. Pigeon. 'How is Tippi-  
pits?'

'Very well indeed,' said Kite, 'charming thing your knowing Tippits; he is the *ton* here. I am his agent, accredited to the house of Topham and Downham, Bribe Court, E.C.'

'Just so. Very glad to hear it, Kite,' said Tom, trying to find his eye-glass, and pulling out his watch by mistake.

'Glass is in your left hand.'

'Thanks,' said Pigeon, evidently a little nettled that Kite had noticed his confusion. 'Now look here, Kite, no more nonsense; let us understand each other: it is agreed that we drop the shop.'

'Certainly.'

'The Pigeons of Belgrave Square are worth a hundred thousand pounds if they are worth a penny; the Pigeons are now seeking change of air; the Pigeons are on their travels; they are going into Society; it is not much they ask, but that much they mean to have, you understand.'

Mr. Kite assured his friend that he perfectly understood him, and hoped to call him friend for many a long year to come. He said he was going to call at the Castle, and offered to leave the cards of Pigeon and Son with his own, whereupon Tom broke out into a towering passion.

'You have just promised me, in the most solemn manner, that you would sink the shop, and you talk of cards. I tell you we have neither cards nor patterns; Pigeon and Son have retired for ever; Pigeon and Son are gentlemen residing at the family mansion in Belgrave Square, and anything to the contrary from you, Kite, will simply get you kicked out of Society straight, in addition to being cut off with a shilling by your old master.'

'My dear sir,' said Kite, 'you do not understand. In Society gentlemen have address cards—private affairs which they call pasteboard—you will know all about it by-and-bye; you may trust Charlie Kite; he will be true to himself and to his honourable friends the Pigeons.'

With which grandiloquent assurance of friendship and protection, Mr. Kite bowed profoundly to his friend and withdrew.

'Now to wake the governor,' said Tom, shaking old Pigeon by the collar.

'What is it?' grumbled the old man.

'Wake up; I've found a letter with five and twenty thousand pounds in it.'

'Where, Tommy, where?' The old man was wide awake now.

'Here, here,' Tom replied, flourishing the letter of Colonel Tippi-  
pits.

'Oh, you rascal!' exclaimed Mr. Pigeon senior, trying to snatch the letter from his son.

'Why you rich old Belgravian swell, you are worth a hundred thou—something like a secret—oh you Croesus, you Rothschild, you Bank of England—a hundred thousand; and still you are not happy.'

'Yes I am, my boy—I am indeed,' said old Pigeon; for he knew nothing of Aladdin the Second and the Tycoon.

'I repeat,' said young Pigeon, throwing his head back and jerking out his chin. 'And still you are not happy?'

'Yes, dear boy, I am,' said Mr. Pigeon senior, putting his hand on Tom's shoulder; 'but money has its cares, Tommy—I mean Tom or Thomas.'

'Go on, guv, I forgive you; you can call me Tommy now and then, when nobody's near, you know; it is only in the presence

of other people that it makes me so wild to hear you sinking dignity and high life.'

'Very good, dear Tom, I will remember; but as I was a saying, my old partner used to hobserve, Ah, Pigeon, my friend, he used to say—ah, Pigeon, you are a lucky dog, your needle is always sticking in the right place.'

'Blow your needle,' said Tom, rubbing his back, 'I differ with your old partner; but tell me, sir, tell your son and heir, who only lives to make you happy, tell Thomas Pigeon, Esquire, junior, how much you are really worth.'

Old Pigeon listened cautiously, and looked to see that nobody was within hearing near door or window.

'What do you say to a plum, Tommy?' he whispered.

'Tommy again—never mind, the plum makes up for it,' said young Pigeon. 'It's enough to drive a fellow mad, governor. A plum—a plummy plum plum! Now look here, my dear old friend and father, Theophilus Pigeon, of Belgrave Square, plumber;—no, I don't mean that; I'm a little off my head, you see, what with plums, and Kites, and castles. Henceforth we are in Society. From this moment we are swells; we must dress better than this (looking at his trousers and examining his father's coat); we must give some rascally tailor an order at once; blow him up and do the haw haw business, and wink at his daughter if he has one, and swear politely, and smoke shilling cigars.'

'No, Tommy, if we are going to be gentlemen let us behave as such; that is my motto.'

'Come in,' bawled the younger Pigeon, in reply to a knock at the door.

'Will you please to order dinner, sir,' asked the waiter, entering.

'Yas,' said Mr. Pigeon junior, 'yas, we'll have everything you've got.'

'Yes, sir. And please, sir, the carriage is waiting.'

'Dismiss it,' said the rich young man; 'we shall delay our visit to the farmer's; we are expecting a call from the Castle.'

'Yes, sir.'

'And, waiter.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Are there any rascally tailors in this place?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How many rascally tailors?'

'Two, sir.'

'Tell them to send me half a dozen suits of clothes, morning and dress.'

'I suppose you are another candidate for the borough, sir. Yes, sir.'

'Don't tell me what you suppose; tell the rascally tailors what you please.'

'Yes, sir; when shall they call to measure you, sir?'

'Measure me,' said Tom, with well-feigned bewilderment. 'Oh, ah, yas, of course, true—true; they measure you (imitating the operation of measuring)—I remember; we will be measured, waiter, we will be measured.'

'Yes, sir; I will order the rascally tailors at once,' said the waiter, leaving the room.

'The impudent puppy,' said old Pigeon, when the door was shut. 'Tommy, I don't like this new-fangled manner of yours; tone it down, dear boy; tone it down. I never knew a real gentleman as had that style; it ain't true breeding.'

'Nonsense, governor; you don't understand the laws of fashionable life; it's no good a fellow wearing an eye-glass, and being a swell unless he has eye-glass on the brain,' said Tom, making a great show of polishing his glass,

fixing it in his eye, and trying to let it fall suddenly from its position while he was speaking.

'I differ with you, Tommy, but I'm willing to let you have your fling. You know I love you with all my heart; my fortune is yours. Spend the money honourably and fairly; if you could spend it without going into Society, as you calls it, I should be all the better pleased.'

'All right, dad; rely on me. I'll do nothing to disgrace the name of Pigeon; but Society's a *siny guy non*. I only ask you to sink the shop and keep moving—onward, and keep moving.'

'Well, I shouldn't mind, Tom, if we moved a little now. Couldn't we take a bit of a walk together until the Colonel comes?'

'A bit of a walk!' Tom exclaimed, seizing his father by the arm. 'Hang it, governor, we'll have a gallop together.'

With which remark Tom ran his father gaily into the hotel passage; then into the yard; and, finally, into the High Street, where the shopkeepers seemed to have considerable business on their doorsteps. The majority of the Inglenook tradesmen, or their assistants, were standing at their doors on this Feast of St. Partridge. Some of them were out in the adjacent meadows; you could almost hear their guns going off in the stubbles. The sportsmen who were left behind consoled themselves with the thought that the bags would be smaller on account of their absence.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### WINNING A WAGER THAT NEVER WAS MADE.

Mr. Pigeon senior soon tired of Tom's gallop, and returned to the hotel, while Tom tried to visit

Miller's farm by a short cut across the fields.

'Who are the Millers, in 'this neighbourhood?' old Pigeon asked the waiter.

'The farmer, you means?' asked the waiter.

'Yes, my son spoke of Miller, the farmer.'

'Well, he was warmish once,' said the waiter. 'A snug farm, and first-rate land; but the Colonel's been and had him, sir; had him at 'oss-racing, I think; and he's going to leave the farm.'

'Lost all his money on the turf, eh?'

'Yes, money and turf too,' said the waiter; 'for he's got to turn out of the farm; and that's a fact as will go again the Colonel a good deal when the election comes on.'

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger with a letter for Theophilus Pigeon, Esquire.

'Thank you, young man,' said Mr. Pigeon, with the practised obsequiousness of half a century.

'Thank you, sir,' said the messenger.

'My respects to your master,' said the old man, opening the letter—'proud to serve him.'

'Yes, sir.'

'No, no; I don't mean that,' said Mr. Pigeon—'proud to see him.'

'Is that the answer, sir?'

'Yes, that's exactly it,' said old Pigeon, wishing with all his heart that Tom would return.

The truth was Mr. Pigeon had only met Colonel Tippits once, and that was prior to the retirement of Pigeon and Son to the classic regions of Belgrave Square. He had no difficulty in meeting the Colonel then; but since the Pigeons had become gentlemen, the head of that illustrious house of tailors felt that he had all the manners and habits of his life

to re-learn. During the first few months of his residence in Belgrave Square he had been caught in the act of touching his hat to some of the inhabitants of the locality, and twice had been seen shaking hands with a valet.

'Look out and see if my son's a-coming, will you, waiter; there's a good fellow,' said the old man.

Tom rushed into the room as the waiter was leaving it, much to the physical discomfort of both, seeing that they came into violent collision. When Tom had sufficiently recovered from the shock to call the waiter a 'stoopid ass,' he proceeded to take off his coat, which was covered with mud.

'Why, what have you been doing?' asked his father.

'Getting through a hedge. I didn't know there was a ditch in the way. Not much damage done. Only torn a hole in my favourite coat. Mud will brush off—hole will mend.'

'Why, the Colonel and his daughter will be here directly,' said the father, taking Tom's coat and examining the torn sleeve.

'The deuce,' said Tom.

'In a quarter of an hour,' said the old man, fumbling in his overcoat.

'By Jove. What's to be done? I can't go into Society with a hole in my coat.'

'I always carry a needle and thimble,' said the old man, cheerfully.

Tom shrugged his shoulders, and said he knew it.

The implements of his craft were speedily produced, and old Pigeon was preparing to commence work. The old man's face lighted up with pleasure at the thought of plying his needle once more.

'It's many a long year,' he said, 'since I really did a stitch, but—'

'And it will be many a long

year before you do another,' exclaimed Tom, taking the torn coat away from his father. 'What! do you think I would permit the wealthy progenitor of my being to mend my coat. Never! I will do it myself.'

The old man was more delighted at the thought of Tom 'doing a bit of tailoring' than if he had been permitted to mend the coat himself.

'Ah, that will gladden my old eyes, Tommy,' he said, stooping down, the better to take in the full picture of Tom at work.

'Will it, then they shall be gladdened with a last final grand exhibition.'

With which remark, Tom leaped upon the table and seated himself cross legged, at which old Pigeon roared with laughter and stamped his feet with delight.

'Never was so glad in all my life. Well done, Tommy; ah, your heart's in the right place after all.'

Tommy stitched away and nodded at his father, while the old man laughed and danced, and declared Tom was his own son, and an honour to the family.

'I am like the picture of old Penn Holder in the play now; but look here, governor, keep your eye on the window; it would be an awful sell if the Colonel turned up,' said Tom.

'All right, I'm looking—not such long stitches, Tommy—not so long,' said the father, watching Tom's work with critical carefulness.

'Oh, bother! they're splendid stitches; hanged if I don't enjoy the work myself,' said Tom, drawing his arm to and fro briskly, and bending his head to the garment on his knee.

'Bless you, my boy; if you spends all the money we can soon earn some more.'

'Now look here,' said Tom, suddenly stopping and contemplating his enraptured parent; 'no vulgar memories on account of the treat I am giving you; forget it the moment it's over.'

'All right, Tommy,' said the old man, 'all right, my boy, I'll never disgrace you.'

'If the Colonel and his daughter only saw us now,' said Tom.

The old man went into fits of laughter at the idea.

'What would Society say?' gasped the old man between his loud guffaws.

Tom laughed heartily, too, but stopped all in a moment. He was sitting nearly facing the door; and he saw behind his father a tall, pompous gentleman, in a light overcoat, with a lady on his arm, standing in the doorway.

'Why, Tommy, what's the matter?—what are you staring at?' exclaimed the father, in the midst of what otherwise would have been a tremendous peal of laughter.

Tom making no reply, it naturally occurred to the old man to turn round and judge for himself of the nature of the sight which had startled his son. Meanwhile, Tom Pigeon carefully drew up his legs and slipped from the table.

'Gentlemen,' said Colonel Tippi, in a round, unctuous voice, and smiling blandly, 'I and my daughter, Miss Tippi, have done ourselves the honour of calling upon you; but we beg that we may not disturb your amusement.'

Tom Pigeon took the Colonel's cue in an instant; leaping to his feet, and bowing to the lady, he began to laugh.

'I beg you will excuse us, miss,' said Tom, feeling for his eye-glass, 'must keep moving you see—it is our family motto; I apologise most humbly, yas.'

Then turning to his father, he

exclaimed, 'I have won, sir, I have won, Mr. Pigeon.'

Old Pigeon looked at the Colonel, then at Tom, and, finally, at Miss Tippi for an explanation.

'He says he has won,' observed Miss Tippi.

'Oh!' said old Pigeon, staring at Tom, who had meanwhile slipped on his coat; 'he has won, has he?'

'Yes, I have won,' said Tom, ha, ha! he, he!

The Colonel laughed as heartily as Tom, who, while laughing at one side of his mouth, on the other side, in stage whispers, was urging his father to laugh. 'Why don't you laugh, governor?'

Old Pigeon thinking that, by some canon of Society, it was necessary to laugh, made an effort to comply with Tom's urgent request; but he made a melancholy failure of it.

'Couldn't do it to save my life,' said the old man.

'You see, Miss Tippi,' said Tom, 'I had torn my coat; so I said, Mr. Pigeon senior, I will bet you my opera box against your drag that I mend it in five minutes—I, who never had a needle in my hand—I, your son, will mend that coat in five minutes.'

Here old Pigeon put his head into a cupboard, and began to have a violent fit of laughter.

'Did it within the time—won the wager easily.'

'Capital idea—very good indeed,' said the Colonel, looking at his daughter for approving recognition.

'How very droll,' said Miss Tippi.

'Yes, life is droll—everything is droll in its way,' said Tom, 'yas, yas.'

Then he thought Miss Tippi was a very fine woman; and so she was. She wore a light Dolly-Varden costume, which set off to

perfection her wealth of golden hair from Vigo Street.

By this time old Pigeon had come out of the cupboard and out of his fit, too; and Colonel Tippiots, making a great show of his respect for the old man, said how gratifying it was to himself and Miss Tippiots that his son had consented to accompany him. Old Pigeon said Tom had some business of his own in the neighbourhood; but Tom immediately assured his father that this was only his fun, and the Colonel suggested that they should now adjourn to the Castle.

'Mr. Pigeon junior, will you take my daughter to the carriage?'

'With great pleasure — yas,' said Tom, stretching out his left arm, pulling down his cuffs, and offering his right arm to the lady.

Miss Tippiots accepted the escort with a simper, and Tom was more and more convinced, that she was a very fine woman indeed. For the time being she completely eclipsed poor little Jessie Miller, who had made such a deep impression upon Tom's heart during the Cattle Show week nearly a year ago.

Mr. Pigeon took the Colonel's arm, and presently the whole party were rolling gaily along the highway towards Tinsell Castle.

## CHAPTER V.

### IN THE TOILS.

Tinsell Castle was a bran-new house of a mixed order of architecture. It had been built chiefly from the design of Colonel Tippiots himself. The Blue wags of Inglenook, who were opposed to the Colonel's candidature for the borough, called the house Inglenook Gaol. A commercial traveller once told the boots at the Dragon that he had mistaken it for the

Little Tinsell railway station. The castle was, indeed, the subject of much humorous criticism, and not without reason. It was suggestive of prisons, railway stations, almshouses, and model cottages; though it did not look unpicturesque on the bright September day through the elms which had not been erected by the Colonel. The old trees, with their leaves slightly browned by the first tints of autumn, tried to shut out the great staring brick and glass house; but the castellated towers and the curious gables obtruded themselves here and there; and thus it was that the castle looked far more picturesque and imposing than it had any right to do.

The interior of Colonel Tippiots' residence had had a narrow escape from insufferable vulgarity. When the colonel commenced to furnish it Lord Verrier died, and there was a sale by auction at the Hall. The Colonel bought many of the principal articles of furniture; and it was easy to see where the taste of the nobleman had neutralized the assumption of the sham aristocrat.

Seated at the piano in the drawing-room, on the morning after the arrival of the Pigeons, was a pretty young lady in a light morning dress. She was playing the accompaniment of a new song, and wishing herself a hundred miles away from Tinsell Castle. Instead of humming the words of the song, she was saying to herself that she envied the independence of cooks and house-maids. She was wishing, in her poor little heart, that her father had never sent her to school. 'If he had not,' she said, almost aloud, 'I should now be a happy cook or kitchen-maid, instead of a stupid, unhappy companion to a stuck-up nobody.'



This was Jessie Miller, a fair example of the modern farmer's daughter of this age of pianos and accomplishments. The English agriculturist always grumbled at the weather and market prices ever since the world began. In the present day he sends his sons to public schools, has French governesses for his daughters, indulges himself in all kinds of modern luxuries, and still makes money and grumbles. Hetty Sorrel has long ceased to exist. She has converted Mrs. Poyser's dairy into a drawing-room, learnt French, donned a chignon and dress-improver, and openly set her Dolly-Varden cap at the young squire. Bless her heart, why should she not? Show me a fairer face, a brighter eye, or rounder arms!

How it was that Jessie Miller fell in love with Tom Pigeon is a mystery which the writer of this veritable history will not attempt to solve, any more than he will attempt to explain why so many pretty girls are married to ugly and commonplace men. Titania is not the only woman who has not seen the asses' ears; not that Tom Pigeon was an ass. If he had been educated, and had lived in good society, he might have been a dashing, clever fellow; but he was a tailor. Though he always vowed he had a soul above buttons, you could see he was a tailor. He walked like a tailor, swaggered like a tailor, and had a tailor's notions of Society. Let it not be thought that I am girding at a useful and respectable class of industrial artists. I have reason to respect the craft. They are patient, long-suffering; and I know members of the profession who are gentlemanlike and full of noble ambition. But Tom Pigeon was no more worthy of Jessie Miller than that scheming Miss Tippits

was worthy of Tom Pigeon; and yet Jessie Miller had given her heart to the vulgar, though generous, little tailor who would go into Society.

'Well, Jessie, have you learnt that accompaniment?' asked Miss Tippits, breaking rudely in upon Jessie's thoughts.

'Yes, miss,' said Jessie.

'Can you play it perfectly? We have more company at the Castle to-day, and I wish to sing that song this evening.'

'I can play it, Miss Tippits,' said Jessie.

'Sit down, then, and let us try it.'

Jessie's round dimpled little fingers wandered over the keyboard, and Miss Tippits commenced to sing: one of the pretty sugar-and-water ballads of Virginia Gabriel. In a voice of remarkable power she requested an evidently stubborn exile to 'Come back to Erin,' promising him on his return that Killarney should ring with the mirth of a large party of friends and relatives. Jessie followed up the invitation in loud chords and rattling octaves. The exile, however, was deaf to the charmers. Miss Tippits was not pleased with her own share in the performance, and requested Jessie to sing the song herself, which she did, in a sweet, sympathetic voice that would most assuredly have melted the exile's heart if he could only have been brought within the magic influence of the pretty little vocalist.

'Charmingly sung, Miss Miller,' said Miss Austin, entering the room as Jessie was finishing the ballad. 'You are quite an artist.'

'It is a good thing she is,' said Miss Tippits. 'What would the poor thing do if she had no accomplishments? Ah, education is a great blessing!'

'It is, indeed,' said Miss Austin.

'These Pigeons do not seem to have had much acquaintance with the schoolmaster.'

Jessie started at the name of Pigeon.

'They can do without the schoolmaster,' said Miss Tippits, scornfully. 'They keep a banker.'

'I understand they are very rich,' said Miss Austin.

'Rich! They roll in wealth,' said Miss Tippits.

'As the Colonel's pigs roll in dirt,' said Miss Austin; 'and with about as much grace.'

'What a coarse expression, Miss Austin!' exclaimed Miss Tippits.

'An appropriate simile,' said Miss Austin; and she walked to the window as old Pigeon entered the room.

Miss Tippits was right, nevertheless, in characterizing Miss Austin's remark as somewhat coarse. It was coarse, though it did not sound objectionable, coming from Miss Austin, whose ladylike manner and musical voice would have sanctified almost any expression in the language.

Immediately on being discovered Mr. Pigeon senior said, 'Oh! my son is not here—beg your pardon, ladies.'

'Pray do not go away, Mr. Pigeon,' said Miss Tippits, bouncing up to the old man with a loud demonstration of hospitality. 'I am sure we hope you will make yourself quite at home.'

'Certainly; thank you, miss,' said the old man, looking straight at Jessie Miller, who, at a distance, was betraying an especial interest in Mr. Pigeon.

'Have you been introduced to Miss Austin?' asked Miss Tippits.

'The lady in the window—had the pleasure of meeting her on the stairs,' said the old man, nervously.

Miss Austin bowed.

'This is Miss Jessie Miller, my companion,' said Miss Tippits, waving her arm in the direction of the farmer's pretty daughter.

'And a very nice companion, too, if I may make bold to say so,' said old Pigeon. 'I think that is the young lady as my son was running after before breakfast this morning.'

'Eh? what?' exclaimed Miss Tippits. 'Jessie, Jessie, what is the meaning of this?'

'Some mistake, sir,' said Jessie, haughtily. 'A ridiculous mistake.'

'Well, maybe it is. Beg pardon, I'm sure; mistakes will occur in the best regulated establishments; you can't always ensure a good fit; I mean, that you do not know when—Excuse me, Miss Tippits; I will go and see after my son.'

'Ah! Mr. Pigeon,' said Mr. Thornton, entering the room at this moment; 'you do not take long to dress.'

'No, thank you,' said old Pigeon; 'I was wondering where my son is.'

'He said I was to take care of you until he came,' said Thornton; 'but you are in excellent hands, I see.'

'We were talking about riches shortly before you came down, Mr. Thornton,' said Miss Tippits, posing herself on an ottoman in the centre of the room.

'Pitying the wealthy, I suppose,' said Thornton, smiling significantly at Miss Austin, whose face beamed with good-humour the moment Mr. Thornton entered the room.

'No, the poor,' said Miss Tippits.

'Mistake, Miss Tippits,' said Mr. Thornton. 'The rich alone are entitled to pity. They are always in a fume and fret about their money; don't know where

to invest it, or how; always dreaming they have lost it; never know when it is safe; banks break, companies wind up, stocks fluctuate—if they don't, investors are always afraid they will. Very miserable people, believe me, rich people. Then they want to go into Society, the vulgar rich. Society snubs them, looks down upon them, will have nothing to do with them. An unhappy lot, depend upon it, the rich.'

Mr. Thornton was a fine, handsome fellow, a man of education, and a man of position. He was a member of several leading clubs in town, and had seen the world.

'You are quite right, sir,' said Mr. Pigeon, in a grovelling, humble way, as if he felt that he had no right to be standing on the same carpet with a Thornton. 'I say it humbly, and with deference, but I agree with you.'

'Here comes Kite, the poli-



"WHO IS THAT YOUNG LADY?"

See page 411.

tician, Kite, the free-lance; we will hear what he says,' remarked Mr. Thornton, as the voice of Kite came into the room, heralding himself and young Pigeon.

Mr. Kite bowed solemnly and low to ladies and gentlemen; Mr. Pigeon junior was imitating the bend and manner of Kite most successfully just as old Pigeon rushed up to his son.

'O, Tommy, I'm so glad you have come!' exclaimed the old man.

'Go away, go away,' said Tom, in a whisper; it is not much I ask. Do-behave yourself.'

The old man, who had been pining for Tom's presence as though the young fellow had been on a long journey, shrank back abashed, and pretended to examine

a water-colour, supposed to be a genuine Turner.

'Miss Tippits, I have been inspecting the Castle,' said Tom, approaching the lady of the house in his grandest manner. 'Yas; and a very fine castle it is.'

Miss Austin and Miss Miller were engaged in an interesting conversation near the piano.

'I am glad you like the house,' said Miss Tippits.

'Yas, I assure you, very much,' said Tom. 'Excuse me examining the pictures.' And he lounged towards a showy piece over the mantelshef, stumbling awkwardly over an ottoman, and only being saved from an ugly fall by the ready arm of Kite, who kept a watchful eye upon his young patron.

'Are you fond of pictures?' asked Miss Tippits.

'I doat on them, said Tom; I am always buying pictures; my father has a very fine collection.

'Yes, miss,' said old Pigeon, who had recovered from his son's rebuff. 'The Paris fashions for the last thirty years; a very fine—'

'Yas,' said Tom, frowning at his father, and stamping on his foot; 'yas, works of French masters very curious.'

It was lucky for Tom that Mr. Thornton had joined the two ladies near the piano.

'Yes, I have seen them,' said Mr. Kite. 'The grouping of the figures is charming, the accessories wonderfully put in, the colouring superb.'

'True, quite true,' said Tom, feeling for his shirt-cuffs, and bringing them down upon his hands in the most approved style of the West-End; 'we are both fond of collecting pictures.'

'And accounts,' whispered Kite to old Pigeon. 'Wonderful hand at that.'

Old Pigeon chuckled.

'Did you speak?' asked Tom, quickly.

'Beg pardon,' said Kite.

'Just so,' said Tom. 'As I was saying, Miss Tippits, to the Colonel half an hour ago, 'there is nothing better than country life. It is altogether so jolly; so much fresh air, such a flavour of turnips about, that one ceases to remember the stifling air of West-End parlours.'

'Saloons,' whispered Kite.

'Just so,' said Tom.

'I am so glad you like the country,' said Miss Tippits, rolling her eyes at Tom, and settling down into the ottoman cushions in a fond, languishing manner, calculated to impress any beholder with the kitten-like innocence of her nature.

'The country,' exclaimed the Colonel, arriving magnificently upon the scene, 'the country, Mr. Pigeon, is England's glory. But for the country, this degenerate nation would sink to the deepest depths of poverty and crime; and it is for a constituency which is about to exercise the noblest privilege of Englishmen, to pause in their wild career before they give their votes to any person who is not imbued with a sense of what is due to the country, to his constituents, and to that grand rôle in the play of nations which England is destined to fill, and always will fill, and must fill—I say, and must fill—to the last syllable of recorded time!'

Mr. Thornton said, 'Hear, hear!' and continued his description of the absurdities of the last new play, which entertained Miss Austin immensely, and astonished in an equal degree the unsophisticated Jessie, who could not understand the meaning of a bad play, the theatre, in her small experience, being always delightful

and exciting in the highest degree.

Tom Pigeon tried to fix the Colonel with his eye-glass. Failing by that means to bring the candidate's oration to an end, he began talking to Mr. Kite; but the Colonel went on until he was pulled up by an overwhelming roar of laughter from old Pigeon. The Colonel had expressed a hope that he should meet his young friend, Mr. Tom Pigeon, as a brother-member in the Commons House of Parliament.

Fortunately for the Pigeons, two new arrivals were announced at this juncture. Miss Tippits, with as grand a Society air as she could achieve, came forward to meet the new comers, who were evidently persons of some distinction. Presently the company was increased by several other visitors. A general ripple of small talk commenced, turning chiefly upon the weather, the shooting season, the scarcity of birds, autumn tints, the large crop of wheat, and the latest novel. The Colonel availed himself of this opportunity to get Tom Pigeon into a corner, and follow up an interesting conversation which he had initiated in the Castle gardens.

'And you think you could be happy with my daughter, you sly dog,' said the Colonel, beaming with generosity. Too bad to commence a siege upon her heart within the first four-and-twenty hours of meeting her; but youth is hot and headstrong. Well, I like you Mr. Pigeon—I like you. We have a distinguished party here to-night—all the *élite* of the county. It would be pardonable on such an occasion to introduce your health in a few words after dinner, alluding to our probable new relationship—Beauty and Fashion going into Society with Wealth and Intellect, and all that sort of thing.

'Yas, yas,' said Tom, overcome by the Colonel's condescension, and dazzled with the splendour of Miss Tippit's blue satin dress and golden hair. 'I'm not a man to do things by halves. No, sir, "Onward!" is my motto. Your daughter, Colonel, is a very fine woman, and, as you say, in Society to begin with; knows what Society is, and could sit beside a fellow in the Park, four-in-hand, and all that, and preside at one's table. That's my style. I mean to see life, and I mean to go into Society with a dashing woman. Miss Tippits is all that; Miss Tippits took my eye the moment I see her; and if Miss Tippits will say the same of me, why, I'm on, Colonel, and ready to say the word at once.'

As the last words escaped his lips, Tom started from his seat as quickly as he had sprung from his father's overcoat at the hotel.

'Who is that young lady?' he asked, seizing the Colonel's arm, and fixing his eyes on Jessie Miller.

'Which, sir, which?' asked the Colonel, slowly raising his eye-glass.

'In the white dress.'

'Near my daughter?'

'Yes, yes. Can't you tell me at once? It is not much I ask.'

'Oh, that is Jessie Miller, my daughter's companion,' said the Colonel, as if he thought it almost necessary to apologize for the very existence of so ordinary a person.

'Companion?' repeated Tom, looking vaguely at the Colonel.

'Yes; a sort of menial, a dependant, whom Miss Tippits has taken pity upon. Her father has come to grief. Miss Tippits would not allow the girl to become a common servant, and has, in the kindest and handsomest way taken her in the position of companion.'

'Ah, I see,' said Tom. 'She's not in Society, eh?'

'Oh dear, no!' said the Colonel, scandalized at the very idea of such a possibility.

'I like your daughter for taking pity on her,' said Tom, gravely.

'My dear Mr. Pigeon, you are a kind, humane man,' said the Colonel.

'By Jove, sir!' said Tom raising his voice, 'I like your daughter more for being kind to that poor girl than for anything she could have done.'

Tom was very much in earnest, and seemed inclined to go and speak to Jessie; but the Colonel detained him.

'You have met that poor girl before, eh?'

'Yas,' said Tom, a little awkwardly; 'yas, once, some months ago.'

'Ah, you sly dog! you sly dog!' said the Colonel, taking Tom's arm, and walking with him as far away from Jessie as possible. 'Just like you young sprigs of fashion. A pretty girl is not safe—companions, barmaids, nurse-girls, anything if it has a pretty face. Well, well, that is excusable in you young millionaires. The canons of Society do not forbid it.'

There was consummate skill in the Colonel's coupling of companions, barmaids, and nurse-girls; it put Jessie Miller at once out of the pale of Tom's consideration, and the 'sly-dog' compliment just suited his present mood and temper.

'Yas, yas, Colonel,' said Tom; 'I flatter myself I know a little of the world. It is not much I ask—a pretty girl, a good cigar, and let me have my sherry dry.'

'Good, good!' exclaimed the Colonel. 'Society will open her arms wide to a man of your mettle.'

Dinner was announced as the Colonel was introducing Mr. Pigeon junior to the Rev. the Vicar of Inglenook.

'Dinner is on the table,' said six feet of plush and buttons, with the solemnity of a mute.

'Best news I've heard to-day,' said old Pigeon to Kite.'

'There he goes again,' said Tom Pigeon to himself. 'Nothing will polish the governor.'

'Mr. Pigeon junior, will you take in my daughter?' said the Colonel.

'With pleasure,' said Tom.

'Mrs. de Smythers, may I have the honour?' said the Colonel, offering his arm to an Indian widow, at the same time firing off a series of suggestions and commands for pairing the remainder of the guests.

Old Pigeon had been duly considered by the host; but the scene altogether had been too much for him. The lady assigned to his care had found some more gallant gentleman, and Pigeon was left to bring up the rear, muttering to himself as he did so, 'Well, I never see such a fuss! They might be going to a dance instead of a dinner.'

*(To be continued.)*



## THE ROOM IN THE DRAGON VOLANT.

By J. S. LE FANU.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE CHURCHYARD.

OUR dinner was really good, so were the wines; better, perhaps, at this out-of-the-way inn, than at some of the more pretentious hotels in Paris. The moral effect of a really good dinner is immense—we all felt it. The serenity and good nature that follow are more solid and comfortable than the tumultuous benevolences of Bacchus.

My friends were happy, therefore, and very chatty; which latter relieved me of the trouble of talking, and prompted them to entertain me and one another incessantly with agreeable stories and conversation, of which, until suddenly a subject emerged, which interested me powerfully, I confess, so much were my thoughts engaged elsewhere, I heard next to nothing.

'Yes,' said Carmagnac, continuing a conversation which had escaped me, 'there was another case, beside that Russian nobleman, odder still. I remembered it this morning, but cannot recall the name. He was a tenant of the very same room. By-the-by, monsieur, might it not be as well,' he added, turning to me, with a laugh, half-joke whole earnest, as they say, 'if you were to get into another apartment, now that the house is no longer crowded? that is, if you mean to make any stay here.'

'A thousand thanks! no. I'm thinking of changing my hotel; and I can run into town so easily at night; and though I stay here, for this night, at least, I don't

expect to vanish like those others. But you say there is another adventure, of the same kind, connected with the same room. Do let us hear it. But take some wine first.'

The story he told was curious.

'It happened,' said Carmagnac, as well as I recollect, before either of the other cases. A French gentleman—I wish I could remember his name—the son of a merchant, came to this inn (the Dragon Volant), and was put by the landlord into the same room of which we have been speaking, 'Your apartment, monsieur. He was by no means young—past forty—and very far from good-looking. The people here said that he was the ugliest man, and the most good-natured, that ever lived. He played on the fiddle, sang, and wrote poetry. His habits were odd, and desultory. He would sometimes sit all day in his room writing, singing, and fiddling, and go out at night for a walk. An eccentric man! He was by no means a millionaire, but he had a *modicum bonum*, you understand—a trifle more than half a million of francs. He consulted his stockbroker about investing this money in foreign stocks, and drew the entire sum from his banker. You now have the situation of affairs when the catastrophe occurred.'

'Pray fill your glass,' I said.

'Dutch courage, monsieur, to face the catastrophe!' said Whistwick, filling his own.

'Now, that was the last that

ever was heard of his money,' resumed Carmaignac. 'You shall hear about himself. The night after this financial operation, he was seized with a poetic frenzy; he sent for the then landlord of this house, and told him that he had long meditated an epic, and meant to commence that night, and that he was on no account to be disturbed until nine o'clock in the morning. He had two pairs of wax candles, a little cold supper on a side-table, his desk open, paper enough upon it to contain the entire *Henriade*, and a proportionate store of pens and ink.

Seated at this desk he was seen by the waiter who brought him a cup of coffee at nine o'clock, at which time the intruder said he was writing fast enough to set fire to the paper—that was his phrase: he did not look up, he appeared too much engrossed. But, when the waiter came back, half an hour afterwards, the door was locked; and the poet, from within, answered, that he must not be disturbed.

Away went the *garçon*; and next morning at nine o'clock knocked at his door, and receiving no answer, looked through the key-hole; the lights were still burning, the window-shutters were closed as he had left them; he renewed his knocking, knocked louder, no answer came. He reported this continued and alarming silence to the inn-keeper, who, finding that his guest had not left his key in the lock, succeeded in finding another that opened it. The candles were just giving up the ghost in their sockets, but there was light enough to ascertain that the tenant of the room was gone! The bed had not been disturbed; the window-shutter was barred. He must have let himself out, and, locking the door on the outside, put the key in his pocket and

so made his way out of the house. Here was, however, another difficulty, the Dragon Volant shut its doors and made all fast at twelve o'clock; after that hour no one could leave the house, except by obtaining the key and letting himself out, and of necessity leaving the door unsecured, or else by collusion and aid of some person in the house.

Now it happened that, some time after the doors were secured, at half-past twelve, a servant who had not been apprized of his order to be left undisturbed, seeing a light shine through the key-hole, knocked at the door to inquire whether the poet wanted anything. He was very little obliged to his disturber, and dismissed him with a renewed charge that he was not to be interrupted again during the night. This incident established the fact that he was in the house after the doors had been locked and barred. The inn-keeper himself kept the keys, and swore that he found them hung on the wall above his head, in his bed, in their usual place, in the morning; and that nobody could have taken them away without awakening him. That was all we could discover. The Count de St. Alyre, to whom this house belongs, was very active and very much chagrined. But nothing was discovered.

'And nothing heard since of the epic poet?' I asked.

'Nothing—not the slightest clue—he never turned up again. I suppose he is dead; if he is not, he must have got into some devilish bad scrape, of which we have heard nothing, that compelled him to abscond with all the secrecy and expedition in his power. All that we know for certain is that, having occupied the room in which you sleep, he vanished, nobody ever knew

how, and never was heard of since.'

'You have now mentioned three cases,' I said, 'and all from the same room?'

'Three. Yes, all equally unintelligible. When men are murdered, the great and immediate difficulty the assassins encounter is how to conceal the body. It is very hard to believe that three persons should have been consecutively murdered, in the same room, and their bodies so effectually disposed of that no trace of them was ever discovered.'

From this we passed to other topics, and the grave Monsieur Carmagnac amused us with a perfectly prodigious collection of scandalous anecdote, which his opportunities in the police department had enabled him to accumulate.

My guests happily had engagements in Paris, and left me at about ten.

I went up to my room, and looked out upon the grounds of the Château de la Carque. The moonlight was broken by clouds, and the view of the park in this desultory light, acquired a melancholy and fantastic character.

The strange anecdotes recounted of the room in which I stood, by Monsieur Carmagnac, returned vaguely upon my mind, drowning in sudden shadows the gaiety of the more frivolous stories with he had followed them. I looked round me on the room that lay in ominous gloom, with an almost disagreeable sensation. I took my pistols now with an undefined apprehension that they might be really needed before my return to-night. This feeling, be it understood, in nowise chilled my ardour. Never had my enthusiasm mounted higher. My adventure absorbed and carried me away; but it added a strange and stern excitement to the expedition.

I loitered for a time in my room. I had ascertained the exact point at which the little churchyard lay. It was about a mile away; I did not wish to reach it earlier than necessary.

I stole quietly out, and sauntered along the road to my left, and thence entered a narrower track, still to my left, which, skirting the park wall, and describing a circuitous route, all the way, under grand old trees, passes the ancient cemetery. That cemetery is embowered in trees, and occupies little more than half an acre of ground, to the left of the road, interposing between it and the park of the Château de la Carque.

Here, at this haunted spot, I paused and listened. The place was utterly silent. A thick cloud had darkened the moon, so that I could distinguish little more than the outlines of near objects, and that vaguely enough; and sometimes, as it were, floating in black fog, the white surface of a tombstone emerged.

Among the forms that met my eye against the iron-grey of the horizon, were some of those shrubs or trees that grow like our junipers, some six feet high, in form like a miniature poplar, with the darker foliage of the yew. I do not know the name of the plant, but I have often seen it in such funereal places.

Knowing that I was a little too early, I sat down upon the edge of a tombstone to wait, as, for aught I knew, the beautiful Countess might have wise reasons for not caring that I should enter the grounds of the château earlier than she had appointed. In the listless state induced by waiting, I sat there, with my eyes on the object straight before me, which chanced to be that faint black outline I have described. It was right before me, about half-a-dozen steps away.

The moon now began to escape

from under the skirt of the cloud that had hid her face for so long; and, as the light gradually improved, the tree on which I had been lazily staring began to take a new shape. It was no longer a tree, but a man standing motionless. Brighter and brighter grew the moonlight, clearer and clearer the image became, and at last stood out perfectly distinctly. It was Colonel Gaillarde.

Luckily, he was not looking toward me. I could only see him in profile; but there was no mistaking the white moustache, the *farouche* visage, and the gaunt, six-foot stature. There he was, his shoulder toward me, listening and watching, plainly, for some signal or person expected, straight in front of him.

If he were, by chance, to turn his eyes in my direction, I knew that I must reckon upon an instantaneous renewal of the combat only commenced in the hall of the Belle Etoile. In any case, could malignant fortune have posted, at this place and hour, a more dangerous watcher? What ecstasy to him, by a single discovery, to hit me so hard, and blast the Countess de St. Alyre, whom he seemed to hate.

He raised his arm; he whistled softly; I heard an answering whistle as low; and, to my relief, the Colonel advanced in the direction of this sound, widening the distance between us at every step; and immediately I heard talking, but in a low and cautious key.

I recognized, I thought, even so, the peculiar voice of Gaillarde.

I stole softly forward in the direction in which those sounds were audible. In doing so, I had, of course, to use the extremest caution.

I thought I saw a hat above a jagged piece of ruined wall, and then a second—yes, I saw two

hats conversing; the voices came from under them. They moved off, not in the direction of the park, but of the road, and I lay along the grass, peeping over a grave, as a skirmisher might, observing the enemy. One after the other, the figures emerged full into view as they mounted the stile at the road-side. The Colonel, who was last, stood on the wall for awhile, looking about him, and then jumped down on the road. I heard their steps and talk as they moved away together, with their backs toward me, in the direction which led them farther and farther from the Dragon Volant.

I waited until these sounds were quite lost in distance before I entered the park. I followed the instructions I had received from the Countess de St. Alyre, and made my way among brushwood and thickets to the point nearest the ruinous temple, and crossed the short intervening space of open ground rapidly.

I was now once more under the gigantic boughs of the old lime and chestnut trees; softly, and with a heart throbbing fast, I approached the little structure.

The moon was now shining steadily, pouring down its radiance on the soft foliage, and here and there mottling the verdure under my feet.

I reached the steps; I was among its worn marble shafts. She was not there, nor in the inner sanctuary, the arched windows of which were screened almost entirely by masses of ivy. The lady had not yet arrived.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE KEY.

I stood now upon the steps, watching and listening. In a minute or two I heard the crackle

of withered sticks trodden upon, and, looking in the direction, I saw a figure approaching among the trees, wrapped in a mantle.

I advanced eagerly. It was the Countess. She did not speak, but gave me her hand, and I led her to the scene of our last interview. She repressed the ardour of my impassioned greeting with a gentle but peremptory firmness. She removed her hood, shook back her beautiful hair, and gazing on me with sad and glowing eyes, sighed deeply. Some awful thought seemed to weigh upon her.

'Richard, I must speak plainly. The crisis of my life has come. I am sure you would defend me. I think you pity me; perhaps you even love me.'

At these words I became eloquent, as young madmen in my plight do. She silenced me, however, with the same melancholy firmness.

'Listen, dear friend, and then say whether you can aid me. How madly I am trusting you; and yet my heart tells me how wisely! To meet you here as I do—what insanity it seems! How poorly you must think of me! But when you know all, you will judge me fairly. Without your aid I cannot accomplish my purpose. That purpose unaccomplished, I must die. I am chained to a man whom I despise—whom I abhor. I have resolved to fly. I have jewels, principally diamonds, for which I am offered thirty thousand pounds of your English money. They are my separate property by my marriage settlement; I will take them with me. You are a judge, no doubt, of jewels. I was counting mine when the hour came, and brought this in my hand to show you. Look.'

'It is magnificent!' I exclaimed, as a collar of diamonds twinkled

and flashed in the moonlight, suspended from her pretty fingers. I thought, even at that tragic moment, that she prolonged the show, with a feminine delight in these brilliant toys.

'Yes,' she said; 'I shall part with them all. I will turn them into money, and break, for ever, the unnatural and wicked bonds that tied me, in the name of a sacrament, to a tyrant. A man young, handsome, generous, brave as you, can hardly be rich. Richard, you say you love me; you shall share all this with me. We will fly together to Switzerland; we will evade pursuit; my powerful friends will intervene and arrange a separation; and I shall, at length, be happy and reward my hero.'

You may suppose the style, florid and vehement, in which I poured forth my gratitude, vowed the devotion of my life, and placed myself absolutely at her disposal.

'To-morrow night,' she said, 'my husband will attend the remains of his cousin, Monsieur de St. Amand, to Père la Chaise. The hearse, he says, will leave this at half-past nine. You must be here, where we stand, at nine o'clock.'

I promised punctual obedience.

'I will not meet you here; but you see a red light in the window of the tower at that angle of the château?'

I assented.

'I placed it there, that, to-morrow night, when it comes, you may recognize it. So soon as that rose-coloured light appears at that window, it will be a signal to you that the funeral has left the château, and that you may approach safely. Come, then, to that window; I will open it, and admit you. Five minutes after a travelling-carriage, with four horses, shall stand ready, in the *porte-cochère*. I will place my

diamonds in your hands; and so soon as we enter the carriage, our flight commences. We shall have at least five hours' start; and with energy, stratagem, and resource, I fear nothing. Are you ready to undertake all this for my sake?"

Again I vowed myself her slave.

"My only difficulty," she said, "is how we shall quickly enough convert my diamonds into money; I dare not remove them while my husband is in the house."

Here was the opportunity I wished for. I now told her that I had in my banker's hands no less a sum than thirty thousand pounds, with which, in the shape of gold and notes, I should come furnished, and thus the risk and loss of disposing of her diamonds in too much haste would be avoided.

"Good heaven!" she exclaimed, with a kind of disappointment. "You are rich, then? and I have lost the felicity of making my generous friend more happy. Be it so; since so it must be. Let us contribute, each, in equal shares, to our common fund. Bring you, your money; I, my jewels. There is a happiness to me even in mingling my resources with yours."

On this there followed a romantic colloquy, all poetry and passion, such as I should, in vain, endeavour to reproduce.

Then came a very special instruction.

"I have come provided, too, with a key, the use of which I must explain."

It was a double key—a long, slender stem, with a key at each end—one about the size which opens an ordinary room door; the other, as small, almost, as the key of a dressing-case.

"You cannot employ too much

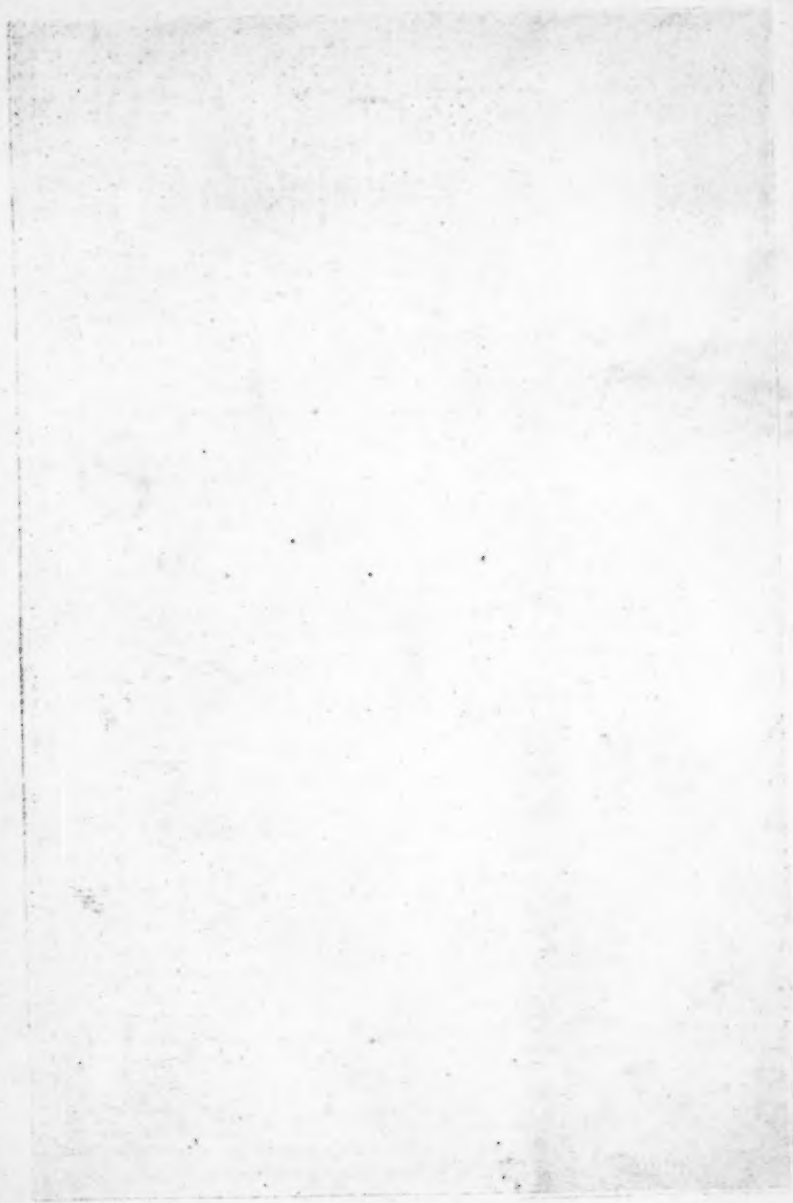
caution to-morrow night. An interruption would murder all my hopes. I have learned that you occupy the haunted room in the Dragon Volant. It is the very room I would have wished you in. I will tell you why—there is a story of a man who, having shut himself up in that room one night, disappeared before morning. The truth is, he wanted, I believe, to escape from creditors; and the host of the Dragon Volant, at that time, being a rogue, aided him in absconding. My husband investigated the matter, and discovered how his escape was made. It was by means of this key. Here is a memorandum and a plan describing how they are to be applied. I have taken them from the Count's *escritoire*. And now, once more I must leave to your ingenuity how to mystify the people of the Dragon Volant. Be sure you try the keys first, to see that the locks turn freely. I will have my jewels ready. You, whatever we divide, had better bring your money, because it may be many months before you can revisit Paris, or disclose our place of residence to any one; and our passports—arrange all that; in what names, and whither, you please. And now, dear Richard" (she leaned her arm fondly on my shoulder, and looked with ineffable passion in my eyes, with her other hand clasped in mine), "my very life is in your hands; I have staked all on your fidelity."

As she spoke the last word, she, on a sudden, grew deadly pale, and gasped, "Good God! who is here?"

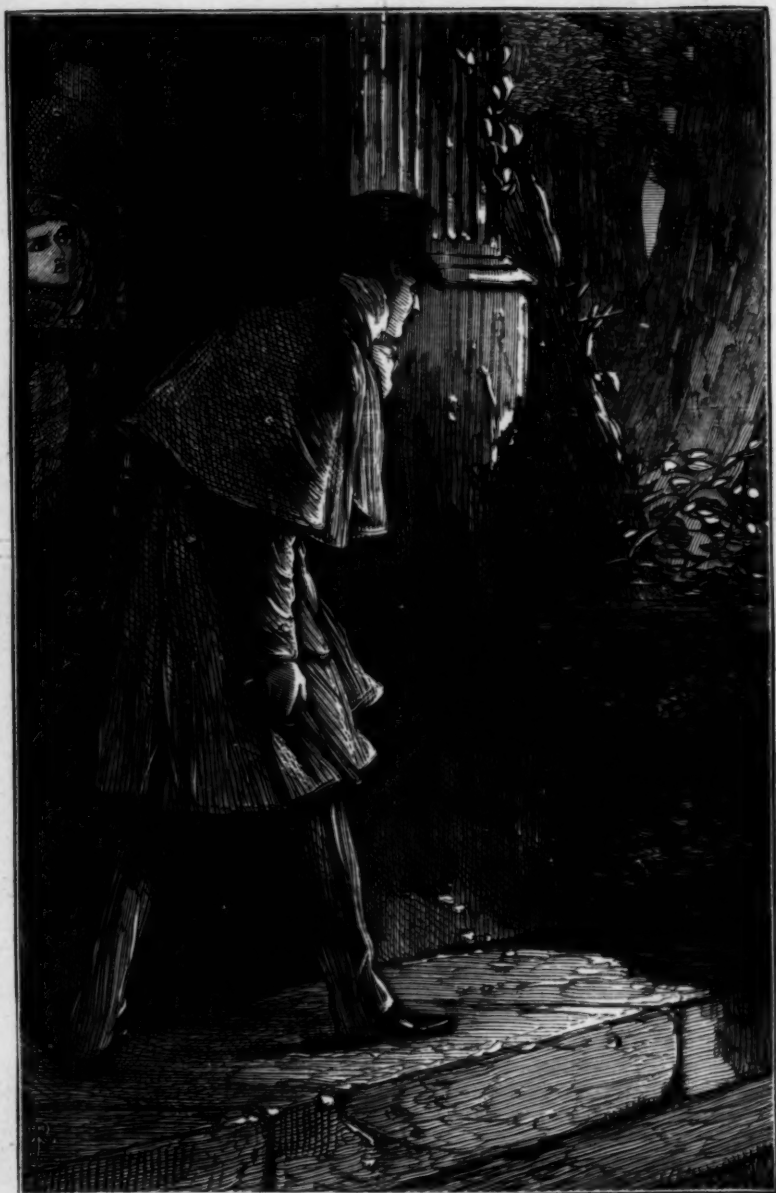
At the same moment she receded through the door in the marble screen, close to which she stood, and behind which was a roofless chamber, as small as the shrine, the window of which was darkened by a clustering mass



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Drawn by J. A. Pasquier.]

#### THE ROOM IN THE DRAGON VOLANT.

'I stood, with my finger on the trigger, determined to shoot him dead, if he should attempt to enter the place.'

[See Page 419.]

of ivy so dense that hardly a gleam of light came through the leaves.

I stood upon the threshold which she had just crossed, looking in the direction in which she had thrown that one terrified glance. No wonder she was frightened. Quite close upon us, not twenty yards away, and approaching at a quick step, very distinctly lighted by the moon, Colonel Gaillarde and his companion were coming. The shadow of the cornice and a piece of wall were upon me. Unconscious of this, I was expecting the moment when, with one of his frantic yells, he should spring forward to assail me.

I made a step backward, drew one of my pistols from my pocket, and cocked it. It was obvious he had not seen me.

I stood, with my finger on the trigger, determined to shoot him dead if he should attempt to enter the place, where the Countess was. It would, no doubt, have been a murder; but, in my mind, I had no question or qualm about it. When once we engage in secret and guilty practices we are nearer other and greater crimes than we at all suspect.

'There's the statue,' said the Colonel, in his brief, discordant tones. 'That's the figure.'

'Alluded to in the stanzas?' inquired his companion.

'The very thing. We shall see more next time. Forward, monsieur; let us march.'

And, much to my relief, the gallant Colonel turned on his heel, and marched through the trees, with his back toward the château, striding over the grass, as I quickly saw, to the park wall, which they crossed, not far from the gables of the Dragon Volant.

I found the Countess trembling in no affected, but a very

real terror. She would not hear of my accompanying her toward the château. But I told her that I would prevent the return of the mad Colonel; and upon that point, at least, that she need fear nothing. She quickly recovered, again bid me a fond and lingering good-night, and left me, gazing after her, with the key in my hand, and such a phantasmagoria floating in my brain as amounted very nearly to madness.

Here was I, ready to brave all dangers, all right and reason, plunge into murder itself, on the first summons, and entangle myself in consequences inextricable and horrible (what cared I?) for a woman of whom I knew nothing, but that she was beautiful and reckless!

I have often thanked heaven for its mercy in conducting me through the labyrinths in which I had all but lost myself.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### A HIGH-CAULED CAP.

I was now upon the road, within two or three hundred yards of the Dragon Volant. I had undertaken an adventure, with a vengeance! And by way of prelude, there, not improbably, awaited me, in my inn, another encounter, perhaps, this time, not so lucky, with the grotesque sabreur.

I was glad I had my pistols. I certainly was bound by no law to allow a ruffian to cut me down, unresisting.

Stooping boughs from the old park, gigantic poplars on the other side, and the moonlight over all, made the narrow road to the inn-door picturesque.

I could not think very clearly just now; events were succeeding one another so rapidly, and I,

involved in the action of a drama so extravagant and guilty, hardly knew myself or believed my own story, as I slowly paced toward the still open door of the Flying Dragon.

No sign of the Colonel, visible or audible, was there. In the hall, I inquired. No gentleman had arrived at the inn for the last half hour. I looked into the public room. It was deserted. The clock struck twelve, and I heard the servant barring the great door. I took my candle. The lights in this rural hostelry were by this time out, and the house had the air of one that had settled to slumber for many hours. The cold moonlight streamed in at the window on the landing, as I ascended the broad staircase; and I paused for a moment to look over the wooded grounds to the turreted château, to me, so full of interest. I bethought me, however, that prying eyes might read a meaning in this midnight gazing, and possibly the Count himself might, in his jealous mood, surmise a signal in this unwonted light in the stair-window of the Dragon Volant.

On opening my room door, with a little start, I met an extremely old woman with the longest face I ever saw; she had what used to be termed, a high-cauled cap, on the white border of which contrasted with her brown and yellow skin, and made her wrinkled face more ugly. She raised her curved shoulders, and looked up in my face, with eyes unnaturally black and bright.

'I have lighted a little wood, monsieur, because the night is chill.'

I thanked her, but she did not go. She stood with her candle in her tremulous fingers.

'Excuse an old woman, monsieur,' she said; 'but what on

earth can a young English *milord*, with all Paris at his feet, find to amuse him in the Dragon Volant?'

Had I been at the age of fairy tales, and in daily intercourse with the delightful Countess de St. Alyre, I should have seen in this withered apparition, the *genius loci*, the malignant fairy, at the stamp of whose foot, the ill-fated tenants of this very room had, from time to time, vanished. I was past that, however; but the old woman's dark eyes were fixed on mine, with a steady meaning that plainly told me that my secret was known. I was embarrassed and alarmed; I never thought of asking her what business that was of hers.

'These old eyes saw you in the park of the château to-night.'

'I!' I began, with all the scornful surprise I could affect.

'It avails nothing, monsieur; I know why you stay here; and I tell you to begone. Leave this house to-morrow morning, and never come again.'

She lifted her disengaged hand, as she looked at me with intense horror in her eyes.

'There is nothing on earth—I don't know what you mean,' I answered; 'and why should you care about me?'

'I don't care about you, monsieur—I care about the honour of an ancient family, whom I served in their happier days, when to be noble, was to be honoured. But my words are thrown away, monsieur; you are insolent. I will keep my secret, and you, yours; that is all. You will soon find it hard enough to divulge it.'

The old woman went slowly from the room and shut the door, before I had made up my mind to say anything. I was standing where she had left me, nearly five minutes later. The jealousy of Monsieur the Count, I assumed,

appears to this old creature about the most terrible thing in creation. Whatever contempt I might entertain for the dangers which this old lady so darkly intimated, it was by no means pleasant, you may suppose, that a secret so dangerous should be so much as suspected by a stranger, and that stranger a partisan of the Count de St. Alyre.

Ought I not, at all risks, to apprise the Countess, who had trusted me so generously, or, as she said herself, so madly, of the fact that our secret was, at least, suspected by another? But was there not greater danger in attempting to communicate? What did the beldame mean by saying, 'Keep your secret, and I'll keep mine?'

I had a thousand distracting questions before me. My progress seemed like a journey through the Spessart, where at every step some new goblin or monster starts from the ground or steps from behind a tree.

Peremptorily I dismissed these harassing and frightful doubts. I secured my door, sat myself down at my table, and with a candle at each side, placed before me the piece of vellum which contained the drawings and notes on which I was to rely for full instructions as to how to use the key.

When I had studied this for awhile, I made my investigation. The angle of the room at the right side of the window was cut off by an oblique turn in the wainscot. I examined this carefully, and, on pressure, a small bit of the frame of the woodwork slid aside, and disclosed a keyhole. On removing my finger, it shot back to its place again, with a spring. So far I had interpreted my instructions successfully. A similar search next the floor, and directly under this, was rewarded by a like discovery.

The small end of the key fitted this, as it had the upper keyhole; and now, with two or three hard jerks at the key, a door in the panel opened, showing a strip of the bare wall, and a narrow, arched doorway, piercing the thickness of the wall; and within which I saw a screw-staircase of stone.

Candle in hand I stepped in. I do not know whether the quality of air long undisturbed is peculiar: to me it has always seemed so, and the damp smell of the old masonry hung in this atmosphere. My candle faintly lighted the bare stone wall that enclosed the stair, the foot of which I could not see. Down I went, and a few turns brought me to the stone floor. Here was another door, of the simple, old, oak kind, deep sunk in the thickness of the wall. The large end of the key fitted this. The lock was stiff; I set the candle down upon the stair, and applied both hands; it turned with difficulty, and as it revolved uttered a shriek that alarmed me for my secret.

For some minutes I did not move. In a little time, however, I took courage, and opened the door. The night-air floating in, puffed out the candle. There was a thicket of holly and underwood, as dense as a jungle, close about the door. I should have been in pitch-darkness, were it not [that through the topmost leaves, there twinkled, here and there, a glimmer of moonshine.

Softly, lest any one should have opened his window, at the sound of the rusty bolt, I struggled through this, till I gained a view of the open grounds. Here I found that the brushwood spread a good way up the park, uniting with the wood that approached the little temple I have described.

A general could not have chosen

a more effectually-covered approach from the Dragon Volant to the trysting-place where hitherto I had conferred with the idol of my lawless adoration.

Looking back upon the old inn, I discovered that the stair I descended, was enclosed in one of those slender turrets that decorate such buildings. It was placed at that angle which corresponded with the part of the paneling of my room indicated in the plan I had been studying.

Thoroughly satisfied with my experiment, I made my way back to the door, with some little difficulty, re-mounted to my room, locked my secret door again; kissed the mysterious key that her hand had pressed that night, and placed it under my pillow, upon which, very soon after, my giddy head was laid, not, for some time, to sleep soundly.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### I SEE THREE MEN IN A MIRROR.

I awoke very early next morning, and was too excited to sleep again. As soon as I could, without exciting remark, I saw my host. I told him that I was going into town that night, and thence to —, where I had to see some people on business, and requested him to mention my being there to any friend who might call. That I expected to be back in about a week, and that in the meantime my servant, St. Clair, would keep the key of my room, and look after my things.

Having prepared this mystification for my landlord, I drove into Paris, and there transacted the financial part of the affair. The problem was to reduce my balance, nearly thirty thousand pounds, to a shape in which it would be not only easily portable,

but available, wherever I might go, without involving correspondence, or any other incident which would disclose my place of residence, for the time being. All these points were as nearly provided for as they could be. I need not trouble you about my arrangements for passports. It is enough to say that the point I selected for our flight was, in the spirit of romance, one of the most beautiful and sequestered nooks in Switzerland.

Luggage, I should start with none. The first considerable town we reached next morning, would supply an extemporized wardrobe. It was now two o'clock; *only two!* How on earth was I to dispose of the remainder of the day?

I had not yet seen the cathedral of Notre Dame; and thither I drove. I spent an hour or more there; and then to the Conciergerie, the Palais de Justice, and the beautiful Sainte Chapelle. Still there remained some time to get rid of, and I strolled into the narrow streets adjoining the cathedral. I recollect seeing, in one of them, an old house with a mural inscription stating that it had been the residence of Canon Fulbert, the uncle of Abelard's Eloise. I don't know whether these curious old streets, in which I observed fragments of ancient gothic churches fitted up as warehouses, are still extant. I lighted, among other dingy and eccentric shops, upon one that seemed that of a broker of all sorts of old decorations, armour, china, furniture. I entered the shop; it was dark, dusty, and low. The proprietor was busy scouring a piece of inlaid armour, and allowed me to poke about his shop, and examine the curious things accumulated there, just as I pleased. Gradually I made my way to the farther end of it, where there was but



one window with many panes, each with a bull's-eye in it, and in the dirtiest possible state. When I reached this window, I turned about, and in a recess, standing at right angles with the side wall of the shop, was a large mirror in an old-fashioned dingy frame. Reflected in this I saw, what in old houses I have heard termed an 'alcove,' in which, among lumber, and various dusty articles hanging on the wall, there stood a table, at which three persons were seated, as it seemed to me, in earnest conversation. Two of these persons I instantly recognized, one was Colonel Gaillarde, the other was the Marquis d'Harmonville. The third, who was fiddling with a pen, was a lean, pale man, pitted with the small-pox, with lank black hair, and about as mean-looking a person as I had ever seen in my life. The Marquis looked up, and his glance was instantaneously followed by his two companions. For a moment I hesitated what to do. But it was plain that I was not recognized, as indeed I could hardly have been, the light from the window being behind me, and the portion of the shop immediately before me, being very dark indeed.

Perceiving this I had presence of mind to affect being entirely engrossed by the objects before me, and strolled slowly down the shop again. I paused for a moment to hear whether I was followed, and was relieved when I heard no step. You may be sure I did not waste more time in that shop, where I had just made a discovery so curious and so unexpected.

It was no business of mine to inquire what brought Colonel Gaillarde and the Marquis together, in so shabby, and even dirty, a place, or who the mean person, biting the feather end of his pen,

might be. Such employments as the Marquis had accepted sometimes make strange bed-fellows.

I was glad to get away, and just as the sun set, I had reached the steps of the Dragon Volant, and dismissed the vehicle in which I arrived, carrying in my hand a strong box, of marvellously small dimensions considering all it contained, strapped in a leather cover, which disguised its real character.

When I got to my room, I summoned St. Clair. I told him nearly the same story, I had already told my host. I gave him fifty pounds, with orders to expend whatever was necessary on himself, and in payment for my rooms till my return. I then eat a slight and hasty dinner. My eyes were often upon the solemn old clock over the chimney-piece, which was my sole accomplice in keeping tryste in this iniquitous venture. The sky favoured my design, and darkened all things with a sea of clouds.

The innkeeper met me in the hall, to ask whether I should want a vehicle to Paris? I was prepared for this question, and instantly answered that I meant to walk to Versailles, and take a carriage there. I called St. Clair.

'Go,' said I, 'and drink a bottle of wine with your friends. I shall call you if I should want anything; in the meantime, here is the key of my room; I shall be writing some notes, so don't allow any one to disturb me, for at least half an hour. At the end of that time you will probably find that I have left this for Versailles; and should you not find me in the room, you may take that for granted; and you take charge of everything, and lock the door, you understand?'

St. Clair took his leave, wishing

me all happiness and no doubt promising himself some little amusement with my money. With my candle in my hand, I hastened upstairs. It wanted now but five minutes to the appointed time. I do not think there is anything of the coward in my nature; but I confess, as the crisis approached, I felt something of the suspense and awe of a soldier going into action. Would I have receded? Not for all this earth could offer.

I bolted my door, put on my great coat, and placed my pistols,

one in each pocket. I now applied my key to the secret locks: drew the wainscot-door a little open, took my strong box under my arm, extinguished my candle, unbolted my door, listened at it for a few moments to be sure that no one was approaching, and then crossed the floor of my room swiftly, entered the secret door, and closed the spring lock after me. I was upon the screw-stair in total darkness, the key in my fingers. Thus far the undertaking was successful.



*Lady Linden*  
*at Home*

*Wednesday. May 1<sup>st</sup>*

**L**ADY L. I am so glad you have come in to see me, dear. This time is 'the fall' of the day, when we are all turning brown and dry like the trees. It is refreshing to see a gay young creature like you, who can go about and see the world, without being afraid of compromising her dignity.

*Lydia.* Charley, my husband, must have all the credit of giving me vagabond tastes. These balls, dinner parties, and afternoon teas, come round year after year in the most tedious way, so that a woman who devotes herself to them must travel backwards and forwards in the one groove like a carpenter's plane, while her life goes off in shavings. It seems to me that there is more variety to be got out of human life, than in exposing as much of one's shoulders as is proper, in expensive clothes, sitting so many hours on a sofa in a hot room, and returning home exhausted. Charles and I take our share of fashionable suffering, but we also go about and see life.

*Lady L.* What odd ideas, my

dear. I hope you haven't been talking to some of those dreadful women who want to be doctors, feel our pulses, and that sort of thing. But do you know I have often thought that the stout middle-class creatures, who go to the concerts and theatres in red opera cloaks, and 'get windows' for processions, have more amusement than we have. They must enjoy themselves or they wouldn't do it.

*Lydia* (smiling). That hardly follows. If they argued in that way about our amusements—

*Lady L.* Perhaps so. But they are a different order of beings. Life, of course, is something more than a drum, kettle, or otherwise, and if one had time, or could dare to do it, I am sure it would be very piquant to take an early dinner, and go off, like a fat citizen, to the play or a concert. But the servants, my dear, the servants! Bowles, a treasure, who has been with us ten years, would resign, of course more in sorrow than in anger. He would say he had lost caste.

*Lydia.* Ah, you are in a dif-

ferent position—a clever lady—mixed up in politics—ministers round your chair. You have the credit of pulling the wires, you know.

*Lady L.* The bell wires are the only wires I pull, I assure you. Now what was your last piece of Bohemianism? Do amuse me with a full, true, and particular account.

*Lydia.* Why, let me see. Oh, yes! we were at the Abbey the other night—Westminster Abbey.

*Lady L.* Good gracious! What took you there. You don't mean to say you went round the tombs with one of the creatures in the black gowns. That is pushing your theory too far.

*Lydia.* No, indeed.

*Lady L.* Ah, I see. *Dévôte*. Beautifully-bound prayer-book, *prie Dieu*, and a sweet clergyman. My dear, you have forty years yet before coming to that.

*Lydia.* No, it was to hear Bach's Passion music. You know I am a frantic musician. A violin and a cello come twice a-week to us, to fiddle Mozart, and Beethoven, and Schubert with me; and when we are trailing a solemn adagio along, my friend the cello, extracting a passionate, horny sound from his instrument, you can imagine the sounds heard in our little drawing-room.

*Lady L.* But this Bach business in the Abbey?

*Lydia.* An idea of the Dean's. A full orchestra, an amphitheatre of singers, three or four hundred all in white robes like the celestial choirs—an archangel in white conducting in the middle. I think the fiddlers—double bass gentlemen, &c., were dispensed from the uniform. You would think you were in a foreign cathedral. The idea, Charles says, scarcely harmonises with the Dean's published views. He is reputed 'broad,'—I mean only

in church doctrine—indeed, is scarcely 'sound,' as they call it; yet here we had a sort of rite that was certainly Roman Catholic in its spirit.

*Lady L.* Well, like many others who have gone too far; he has only 'tried Bach.'

*Lydia.* But what music! (You see I take no notice of your unbecoming joke.) These old masters seem to be dealing with mountains, and great plains, and rivers—confounding them together, like the old sorcerers—the modern music seems to me as poor and trim as a little garden in front of a cockney villa.

*Lady L.* My dearest Lydia, what singular language—why you would be unintelligible to Mrs. Mantower and her daughters. But I suppose this performance was highly impressive and devotional.

*Lydia.* The reverse. There was as much stretching and straining of necks as if one of the royal family were expected. The place was crammed to the door, and the buzz of talk before the music began was wonderful. I heard in all directions, 'There's so and so'—'There's Joachim!'—and all the women on three rows of chairs, at least, rose to stretch and stare. The contagion of irreverence was unavoidable; and I have no doubt that numbers who came to pray, remained—well, not to scoff—to gossip. A vast number had those Novello books with which they followed the airs, but they were, of course, those who knew nothing of music.

*Lady L.* You mean something epigrammatical I know; but I should have set them down as the connoisseurs.

*Lydia.* The idea of spelling out the notes in that fashion! As well take a copy of the play to the theatre. I noted that a peculiar

kind of mouldy women had these books, with a curiously unsexed air about them. They had very limp thread gloves, and were queer about the shoulders. What with the great dark vault above, and the gas jets flaring, and the crowds of faces, and the tall, solemn pillars and arches, and the grand and mournful music, it was a strange scene. But I never saw so well before the humour that is hidden in the monuments to our illustrious dead.

*Lady L.* Your wicked tongue, dear, spares nothing. I have heard the poor effigies are in bad taste enough; but —

*Lydia.* For instance. I was seated very close to the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, a large fat, marble man, prostrate, in his night gown, on a couch, with his well-known full face, and double chin, more than done justice to by the sculptor. The shadows brought out a most comic expression, half of dignity, half of discomfort, as though his mattress was of stone, which it was. An angel was, of course, bending over him, and a negro kneeling beside him, both sympathising. But next the negro was sitting a live stout lady, while two amateurs were at the head of the sick couch, on a corner of which one had left his hat. It seemed all one party, a portion of which had a comic indifference to the suffering of the right honourable statesman. The contrast between complacent human beings and marble statues forced into most heartrending expressions, never struck me so absurdly before. It also occurred to me that most of these monuments were set up in honour of the survivors, for I had opportunity of reading the inscriptions that were near me, with the interest one does advertisements when obliged to wait at a railway station.

But to come to the music. It is evident the fine old master had written when truly penetrated with his subject, feeling it devotionally to the 'end of his nails.' Neither was there any of the conventional dramatic tricks to produce effects, '*tremolos*,' and the rest. The simple receipt was that he was a man of genius, and wrote simply to express the story with which his mind was filled. The result then came of itself. Our modern writers think only of the effect of this pretty solo, that effective duett, or *finale*—variety, and a wish to please, is their stock in trade; and even where there is talent, it is destroyed by these influences.

*Lady L.* Ingenious, my dear, and so far intelligible. But are you not afraid of getting a little pedantic with such studies?

*Lydia.* Oh, I have a great deal more to say. They are going to have Wagner's '*Lohengrin*' at Covent Garden; and it will be Sanscrit to all the fashionables, unless we make up something about 'the music of the future.'

*Lady L.* Oh, that alters the case. You must coach me a little, as they say, in the mysteries, or I shall be put to shame in my own drawing-room.

*Lydia.* Charles and I are making it up. It is tremendous, but interesting. This much I know, Bach and Wagner worked on the same principles. When I come again I will tell you all about it.

*Lady L.* Tell me some more news, dear.

*Lydia.* The only thing that I have heard is, that there is to be a new column in the newspapers devoted to reporting the 'accidents of the aristocracy,' with regular bulletins for each day.

*Lady L.* Now what do you mean by that, Lydia?

*Lydia.* Simply, that a child

must see how triumphantly the accusations about the nation being republiкан have been refuted. If members of the royal family could only be more *répandus*, distributed judiciously, or sent on loan to the chief towns, like the 'travelling collection' of the Kensington Museum, an enormous effect would be produced. They should be made to take more chairs; to open more places; be received more abundantly at stations. If there could be a monthly festival, something like the Juggernaut, in which a prince or princess, or some one married to them, could be drawn along, seated aloft, there would be plenty found to throw themselves under the wheels of the carriage. However, when the present stock of young princes grow up, the demand will be better met. But there cannot be too many chairs. I doubt if there is any show in the kingdom, from a theatre to Punch, more popular than a royal, or deputy royal, head. Next to that comes the aristocracy—lords, dukes, &c. You read about the poor unhappy lady who was thrown from her horse when hunting.

*Lady L.* Poor thing, yes. But with every pity for her and her family, I cannot see what the daily papers have to do with her state, issuing daily bulletins in a lachrymose strain.

*Lydia.* Since the Prince's illness—and what a magnificent medical era it was for them—they find a sort of fascination in the subject. Then there was the other case of the lord's daughter who burnt her arm, and which went its round of the papers—'Distressing scene,' 'Painful for the noble owner.' The sole interest in both happens to be that there is a large, servile, crawling class among us, to whom noble—even the pronunciation of the words 'noble owner'

is something exquisite. For these the papers must provide. An ordinary gentlewoman might scorch her arm off without any notice being taken of her. Another favourable picture of this snobbishness is to be found; where would you suppose? At the South Kensington Museum.

*Lady L.* My dear! no place could be more appropriate. There is the fruitful soil, where that languishing plant the *Albertus venerabili* is watered and cultivated; where stewards' wands, and ribbons, and C.B. cuttings flourish—at least so they tell me.

*Lydia.* And the amateurs—don't let us forget them; the soil suits them exactly. Amateur architects, amateur heads of departments, amateur exhibitors. Even our agreeable friend, who plays such tricks with his baton, and thinks he is another Costa as he leads on his band of 'civil servants' and 'minstrels,' has got his chance. You see they have put him in at that 'Yorkshire-pie' looking building at Kensington.

*Lady L.* What our coachman will describe as though it were a sort of armoury—the Halbert 'All.

*Lydia.* In fact, this is the amateur age, and will be known as such. The higher classes have tried every sensation that money or rank can purchase for them, and now they have discovered that coming before a crowd of their fellow creatures to be looked at or stared at, is something delightfully new and piquant. Hence every one is singing, playing, acting, exhibiting their curiosities, beating time like our well-born friend, and even preaching. Charles says he believes the amateur actors in 'good business,' at country houses and town halls, really 'draw' as much money as the professionals.

*Lady L.* But, what do you say



is to be seen at South Kensington?

*Lydia.* A number of glass cases, containing the collection that his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh has made on his travels. It is not uninteresting, but is of the usual museum kind—stuffed birds and beasts, South Sea islander dresses, Japanese monsters, gold stuffs, and the rest. But you should see the crowds—their delight and admiration!—the bands of women with their catalogues—their raptures! It is the most amusing and extraordinary exhibition of the day. Tall, healthy fathers bring their whole families to be improved by the spectacle. There are elaborate catalogues, numbers of rough water-colour sketches of New Zealand, Australia, and other places—scenes that have been painted and engraved over and over again. But *n'importe*. Our British matrons are contented—they have their fetish. A few yards off, are some of the loveliest and most artistic objects in the world; the most exquisite ornaments in gold, and silver, and china; the choicest of Mr. Beresford Hope's and Mr. Schreiber's museums; but what are these to the horns of the stag, 'shot on July the —, 18—' or to the Tahiti woman's dress of paper, brought home in the 'Galatea'? I am not what Charles calls 'Dilking' the young Prince, in whom all this idea of collecting curiosities shows a very laudable spirit; but it is these middle-class London matrons and their families—the 'Monday Popular sort'—who are to me *impossible*.

*Lady L.* Who, of course, flocked to that boat race the other day.

*Lydia.* No. I fancy that was more for our class. The fast young ladies think it fashionable to get up aquatic enthusiasm.

*Lady L.* They are wise after their generation. And I don't

know but that a mother, anxious as to her daughter's temporal welfare, might not encourage such a taste. It would conduce to their future happiness.

*Lydia.* I understand——

*Lady L.* You see, there are so many desirable young men, of the first families and connection, who are interested in this rowing and university business. As a wife's aim should be to have the same tastes as her husband, so a girl, looking to marriage as an honourable establishment, naturally tries to exhibit the same tastes as the candidate lover. I don't set up to be cynical, than which there is nothing so easy. But I think it is a satisfactory explanation of the masquerading in blue dresses and blue ribbons, on an inclement Saturday. There was a heavy crop of pulmonary attacks laid down on that occasion, I suspect.

*Lydia.* But may not the matrons and daughters have a sort of sympathy for what is their own matrimonial boat race? All the technical phrases seem to apply: the training—the pace growing severer every year—the uncertainty—the scantiness of dress—the coxswain making a blunder, and steering her boat load of daughters 'in too close to the Surrey side;' and, above all, the 'putting on a spurt.' We have seen Lady Cobb 'spurt' desperately, as the season comes to a close, but it didn't answer; and Mrs. Hacker won the marquis for her girl by two lengths.

*Lady L.* I declare we should not talk in this style, or we shall get into the tone of those articles, which some woman writes in the 'Saturday Review,' on 'Frisky Matrons.' The weaknesses of us poor ladies are easily touched off. Tell me another of your adventures.

*Lydia.* Let me see. What would you say to going to a theatre in the day-time?

*Lady L.* Incredible! As well tell me of Madame Tussaud's, or the diving bell at the Polytechnic.

*Lydia.* With some shame I own, that I was tempted by what is called a 'Monster Programme,' at Drury Lane, for somebody's benefit. All the theatres furnished some broken victuals from their bills of fare—a scene here, an act there: everything short; therefore, rather welcome. There was a curious effect, in the house, a kind of faint daylight having got in, spite of all the blaze of light. It struck me that the acting was indifferent, and that the actors were sluggish as if they felt that their proper season had not arrived. It was curious to see the boxes filled with the love-sick youths who play the lords and colonels in the comedies, and who are considered, and believed in in their own set, to wear their clothes, and behave generally in private with a bearing and manner that runs the original article very close. I am certain—though I have not the least means of knowing it—that these foot-light members of the peerage, feel that they are superior to their fellows: affecting the dragoon walk, the high shirt-collars, and the pulling down the shirt-sleeves. Those cruel prints and satires, 'strollers in a barn,' 'the Rosicad,' &c., always seem to me to be true, though with enormous exaggeration. If there be any meanness or humiliation in a character, the stage is certain to bring it out.

*Lady L.* The men I can pass over. Some of them are good-looking. But those things, with the tinted and glossy faces, and the straw-coloured bags of hair, and those distorted lumps below the waist instead of on the shoulder—they are simply revolting.

They belong to our sex, officially, I believe, but I cannot call them women. They are mere reptiles—sea anemones—beasts, if the word be not too gross for your ears.

*Lydia.* Their manners and voice belongs to a new school, that is indescribable. These are called 'actresses,' those 'Totties,' and 'Lotties,' and 'Carrys,' and 'Nellies,' and 'Amys,' and 'Loueys.' There is one that positively calls herself 'Lardy.' I have seen it.

*Lady L.* Who can blame them? Their betters model their manners and attractions on those of the barmaids, or, rather, the refreshment girls. The theory is, that as Jack and Charley are suspected of being fascinated by this bold free style, decently-brought-up girls do not see why the Spiers-and-Pond-things should have a monopoly of such graces. The reason seems plausible; but they forget that Charley and Jack have no matrimonial views with regard to these vulgar Hebes. A most important distinction which matrons should look to.

*Lydia.* Certainly, the steady and accepted use of paint, cosmetics, dyes, is very remarkable. Two or three years ago it was greatly adopted, in a flashy sort of way, from the mere novelty; now it has become the confidential assistant and repairer. Numbers of nice girls coquette with it: just a touch here—a little stroke there. Yet the matron screams, 'Let my Louisa paint!—Heaven forbid!' Other girls have just one weak place—say a 'fishiness' in the eyes, or a chicken-like yellowness over the cheek. Easily cured—a touch, the merest touch. No one could call that painting! As for the professed dauber, that turns out fresh and gaudy like a newly-done shop-board, and who dare not leave off, and must paint thick and richly, or not at all, what a pitiable and

revolting spectacle! The lump of gold-coloured tow, or spun yarn, bobbing behind like an elephant's ear—that is quite in keeping. I remember a poor dear old lady who used to dab the pink on, just as thickly as a stage bandit does the end of his nose. It got brighter every night. The eye, I fancy, loses its sense of colour, and requires the dose to be increased. How it used to shine on her poor old raddled cheeks!

*Lady L.* Our virtuous girls see no harm in flowering themselves all over. How they *do* use the puff! 'Fanny, dear, how pale you are!'—Ferocious puffing. 'Fanny, dear, you are quite flushed and flustered!' Puff again. Shoulders, arms, and those perverse elbows—all get their share.

*Lydia.* Certain elbows that I know of will bring an aged matron's hair (grey or dyed) with sorrow to the grave. You have seen some very nice girl, fair and admired, yet with a pair of these intractable extremities, raw and fiery as a laundress's. They break out like bold boys, when least expected. They may have been behaving beautifully all day, when, just as the dear girl is coming down, they begin to glow like a sunset.

*Lady L.* But what is that to the misery of the red nose. A vampire is nothing to it. Rather, there is something of the vampire in the choice of season when this shocking malady—for it is one—chooses to display itself. For the girl with the red nose 'in ambushade,' life really becomes an agony of uncertainty: the steady, established, permanent red nose is not half so bad. My dear, I could tell you miserable histories of red noses. Mephistopheles and Faust was nothing to them. It is the craftiest and most malignant visitation going; and I tell you, dear, if the whole tribe of Jenners and Gulls

could only find out how to deal with this evil, why, the peerage question for doctors would be settled in a week. It is the poor mothers who are to be pitied. They have got their girl safe though her dressing, seated in the carriage, the temperature judiciously regulated, and finally landed in the drawing-room. There the *demi-jour* gives confidence. The young *parti* is tender and wax-like on this occasion, and with even ordinary advantages, might be expected to 'come forward.'

*Lydia.* Yes, that's the phrase—'come forward'—yet how rarely does it express the truth. Often 'dragged forward,' sometimes 'pushed forward,' but how rare a genuine honest coming forward!

*Lady L.* On such an occasion young Titlemonger is reasonably expected to do what is required of him. If there was a 'return' ordered of the subsistence he has been supplied with at their house during the season, rows of champagne and claret bottles, the lambs, sweetbreads, cutlets, ducklings, wild ducks, snipes—might be heaped up about him, as if he was victualled for a siege. Well, the girl is getting into spirits—what they call 'animated'—and that young cub Titlemonger finds himself melting like one of the wax candles, when the steam from the gravies and sauces, the heat from the twenty-six human beings who are seated as close as if they were in the saloon of a packet, begins to do its fatal work. The matron sees with terror the first faint pink begin to glow. The unhappy girl knows nothing, nor even suspects. Five minutes more, and what was rather a pretty nose has become a raw, inflamed piece of the human economy. It flourishes like our Union Jack on a white sail. Titlemonger sees it in another minute, and all is over.

*Lydia.* A dreadful picture! Imagine the journey home of the baffled pair, the recriminations in the carriage, &c. If ever one was tempted to justify the absurdity of the proverb, 'Cut off your nose to spite your face,' it would be allowable then. But I think, though, there should be some way of dealing with these marriageable young gentlemen, who are supposed to be wishing to 'come forward,' and who, on that pretext, board with a family for a season, filling themselves with the choicest meats and drinks. They remind me of those designing money-lenders who charge a commission for making inquiries, not to be returned if the loan be uncompleted—and never do complete the loan. I am sure as society grows more complex, things will be brought more into a system, and there will, at last, be an honourable undertaking that, when board has been accepted for a lengthened period, residence must follow. In other words, that the acceptance of prandial civilities shall be the proposal itself.

*Lady L.* No, dear. The probability is that the abuse will increase. Look, the bands, the droves, of marriageable girls, increasing every day and hour!

Marriage—I mean, of course, suitable things, for the pauper arrangements will always go on—is becoming more and more of an accident, or the result of some skilful and brilliant play. The competition will, of course, be more fierce, and these scheming diners, from the very vastness of the competition, will be offered more and more advantages. I have no daughters, so I can speak of the matter with perfect impartiality.

*Lydia.* After all, it is no worse than 'eating one's terms' at the Inns of Court; and these youths are expected to put in a number of dinners before becoming 'practising' husbands.

*Lady L.* *Aprpos* of eating, I am going to have one of my cabinet *particulier* little dinners next week—just Pocock, and a few more of that sort, who are worth feasting. There it is all the other way—the hosts are heavily in their debt; though, on the other hand, 'those who eat to please must please to eat.' You and your worse-half must come. Now don't say anything about 'feast of reason,' and that sort of thing—

*Lydia.* Delighted. We shall be there.



## CAPTURED BY CONFEDS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN REBELLION.

**T**RAVELLING in the United States at the breaking out of the great rebellion, and wishing to see something of war service, I accepted a captain's commission offered me in a cavalry regiment belonging to Tarbet's division.

We were lying near Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley, just before Sheridan made his celebrated ride; the Confederate general, Early, covering this town, and occupying the crossing of Opequan Creek.

The company I commanded held the extreme left of Tarbet's division; and in front of this we were thrown out on picket duty, along the skirts of a tract of woodland.

In advance of the line, upon which I had placed my sentries, ran a narrow but very deep creek—a tributary of the Opequan—but with a fordable crossing close to the spot I had fixed upon for my temporary quarters.

I had just returned from visiting the picket sentries, and was warming myself at a small camp fire we had kindled. Although in the month of September it was a raw chilly morning, with a drizzling mist fast thickening into rain.

Suddenly I heard the tramp of cavalry, with the clank of bits and sabres. The sound seemed to come from the rear. Within a hundred yards of the place where our fire had been kindled, ran the stream above mentioned. At the ford it was crossed by a narrow wood road; which turned sharply on the other side—thence running parallel with the creek in the direction of Berryville. It was down this road the sounds appeared to come; and, although

nothing was more natural than that our scouting parties should be out in that direction, I felt alarm, upon hearing the tread of approaching troopers.

Turning to my sergeant, a wiry six-footer from Maine—the only man near me who was awake, I said:

'Totten, what troops can those be?'

The sergeant was not only awake, but remarkably 'wide-awake'; and with head bent down, and ear close to the ground, was already listening intently to the hoof strokes of the approaching horsemen.

As I spoke, he started to his feet, saying in an excited tone:

'By jiminy, cap! them 'ere don't sound like our horses; not half o'them air shod!'

Before he had finished speaking the horsemen hove into sight, filing round a bend of the road; and, without any hesitation whatever, headed toward the creek crossing, in front of our camp fire. Every man of them had a blue cavalry cloak, and most wore the Union cavalry hat. There were five of us altogether round the fire; Sergeant Totten with three privates, all fast asleep—and myself. Our horses were hitched close by, saddled and ready for any emergency; revolvers in holsters, and carbines slung from a neighbouring tree, with an India-rubber blanket carefully spread over them to keep off the rain. The position we occupied was quite an isolated one—being over half a mile from the next relief station; connected to be sure, by a chain of picket sentries, who would have been in sight of each

other, but for the dense undergrowth of the wood in which we were stationed. As it was, unless when they came out in the open space, they could not see what was going on, beyond fifty yards on either side of their post.

The suddenness with which the party of horsemen—now in full sight—had come upon us, was, no doubt, the principal reason why I felt suspicious of their character. I had done so, even before sighting them.

They must have emerged from the woods, and struck the road, but a short distance above the bend; for the tramping first heard was not that of a gradually advancing troop, but clear, distinct, and suddenly close at hand. Anyhow, there they were, right at the crossing of the creek—their approach unnoticed by any of our pickets. I challenged them at once, in a loud sharp voice, holding my revolver in hand:

‘Halt! Who goes there?’

‘Friends!’ was the immediate and ready reply, as they pulled up in compliance with the challenge. ‘Dismount, one friend! Advance and—’

The last word had hardly parted from my lips; their leader had actually thrown one of his legs over his horse’s croup, as if to advance as ordered; when, with a muttered word of command, he turned back into his saddle; and in a second’s time the whole party had dashed across the creek, up its bank, and were amongst us!

I fired my revolver, bringing down one of their horses; and, at the same time, called out to my companions.

Too late—it was of no use; we were only five, totally unprepared and taken by surprise; they were a score at least, all ready and aware of their advantage.

With the instinct of habit, how-

ever, one of the sleeping men, upon hearing the shouts and shots, sprang up and rushed towards our horses. In doing so, he was ruthlessly shot down; and seeing that this would be the fate of all, if we offered resistance—cut off, and overpowered as we undoubtedly were—I at once cried out, ‘Hold your fire; we surrender!’

In ten minutes from the time this blue-coated troop of guerillas came in sight, we were captured; our arms taken from us; ordered to mount our horses; and were galloping at a slapping pace along a poorly constructed clay road, leading towards the Shenandoah, with six of Mosby’s rough riders on each side of us.

It was a neat thing, no doubt, for the Confeds—a feat, skilfully and daringly carried out.

The chagrin and shame I felt at being thus overreached, made my blood fairly tingle to my finger-ends. There were four of us captured—Sergeant Totten, two privates, and myself—their own dismounted man, whose horse had been shot, having appropriated the one belonging to our comrade they had killed.

I had little hope that any effort would be made to rescue us. The alarm would, no doubt, be given; but too late for pursuit to be of service. Before a sufficient force could be collected to make it safe, we should be carried far out of reach of rescue.

As we rode along, I managed to count the party of Confeds. They were twenty-one in all—nineteen men and two officers; he in command being a handsome black-eyed fellow with a pleasing cast of countenance, and riding one of the most splendid chargers I ever saw. Indeed, all of them were upon good stock, and our northern horses made but a poor show beside them. The party was



evidently a picked one—selected for some special duty. Before they came upon us, they must have ridden hard and long; for, although their horses were still equal to the sharp pace at which we were going, they laboured heavily, and showed most unmistakable signs of fatigue.

We must have ridden at least ten miles in silence, not a word having been spoken by any one; when suddenly the officer in command, checked his horse, and, wheeling round, cried out:

'Take it easy now, boys!'

We had reached the bottom of a steep rocky hill, the path over which was nothing more than the bed of a wet-weather stream, full of boulders and ruts. Here we were ordered into single file; and, after scrambling for about three-quarters of a mile, we gained the summit. The road again became better; running along a broad table land densely covered with a stunted growth of black-jack, and scrub oak. As we silently went on, the black-eyed leader of the 'Rebs' brought his horse alongside mine, and said quite good-humouredly:

'Captain, I was sorry to disturb you so early this morning; but to tell the truth, we were as much surprised to see you, as you at sight of us. When we came upon you, we had no idea that we were anywhere near your lines.'

I was still in a savage humour with myself, and answered bitterly, and sternly:

'It was a pity that you did not strike our lines a trifle higher up; you would then have had a fairer chance for a fight.'

'Oh!' answered he, laughing, 'I was not at all ambitious of that; and am quite thankful to get away as I did.'

'It was odd,' I remarked, looking at him steadily, 'for one of

Mosby's officers to be blundering so near the Shenandoah. They have the reputation of knowing this country thoroughly.'

'And they deserve it,' he answered. 'Most of them have spent their whole lives hereabouts, and have hunted and tramped over every foot of the valley. Unfortunately for you,' he added with a smile, 'I have but lately joined the command, and blunder now and then; otherwise, I can assure you, we would never have ventured to awake you as we did this morning. My orders were to do anything but that. Once in, however, I thought the boldest way out would be the best.'

'It did not require much boldness,' I retorted, 'to lead twenty men on five—three of them asleep, and two unarmed.'

'No,' said he; 'but how could I tell there wasn't a whole squadron of you at hand? However, here we are now at "Granny Kitt's," and I guess we had better have some breakfast.'

He was a social, pleasant fellow, this Confed captain, and I have no doubt I should have found him an agreeable companion, had the manner of our introduction been different.

We had now arrived in full view of the Shenandoah river, and at the end of the table land. Here there was a log-cabin, at a little distance from the road, with some cultivated fields around it. At the door stood an old negress; who threw up her arms in great excitement, as we approached, greeting our captors with profuse curtsies and congratulations.

'Lud ha mercy, massa Cap'n Garber! So you've ben and gone an done it dis time shoo an satin. Fo' Yanks—bress de Lord—and dar hosses and guns too—an one o' dem a jient,' she added, laughing, and pointing at poor

Totten, who by some mischance was mounted on a very small horse; which, with his long legs nearly touching the ground, gave him a rather ludicrous appearance.

'Yes, Granny,' replied the captain, 'I've been getting up an appetite this morning, and am hungry as a Texan. What have you got for us to eat?'

'Lor, massa; nuffin but some milk and corn dodger.'

'That won't do for stomachs so hungry as ours,' answered the captain. 'Boys,' he cried, turning to his men, 'I think I see some provender in the enclosure behind the house; you have permission to make the most of it. I shall give Granny some Confederate scrip for the damage; and she can hand it to the owner, when he comes home.'

To a Confederate partizan nothing could have been more welcome, than this licence for free forage; and in less than three minutes' time, half a dozen of them were over the fence and had 'roped' a cow, to be killed for their midday meal; while another half dozen were making havoc among the hens and ducks belonging to the little plantation.

The four prisoners were placed together on a log near the cabin-door; on the sill of which the Confed captain and his lieutenant had seated themselves. They talked in a low tone; but my hearing is wonderfully acute—never more than at that moment—and by listening attentively, I made out from their conversation: that our guard would soon be reduced to six men, with only the lieutenant to command them. I had not before taken much notice of this subordinate officer; except to perceive, that he was a very young man with a sallow and sinister cast of countenance, and a most unmistakably contemp-

tuous look in his eye, whenever he glanced at us. But now, as a remark of his reached my ear, I turned round on the log, and took his measure more fully.

He was a mere boy in appearance; of tall, gaunt frame, with a pair of small weasel-like eyes. He was evidently a very different sort of person to his handsome, frank-spoken superior. A bitter, remorseless enemy I could easily see; and one who would shoot us down, as readily as he would pick off a squirrel, if we gave him the slightest provocation for doing it. Nevertheless, I rejoiced at hearing, that we were soon to be left to his tender care; for I had hopes from his youth, as also his evident over confidence in his own great merit as a soldier. I knew he would be found off his guard ten times for once his seemingly careless captain would be likely to make a slip.

In the meantime the saddles had been taken off the horses, and a detail of men was engaged in attending to their wants. Water was given them from a draw-well near by with a bag of corn brought out from the cabin, and distributed in a log-trough which ran all along the building.

The old negress still kept up her garrulous enjoyment, making many remarks at our expense. Every now and then, she would appear in the doorway, clap her hands, and slap her knees, repeating with apparent delight,

'Bress de Lord! fo' Yanks all took togedder!'

After a time, she brought out a bucket of water, and an old tin cup. Placing them near us on the ground, and kneeling down beside them, she bent over the bucket, pretending, as I could see, to skim out with the cup some imaginary object in the water. Just then, I heard her say in a



Drawn by Felix Darley.]

CAPTURED BY 'CONFEDS'

(See Page 476.)

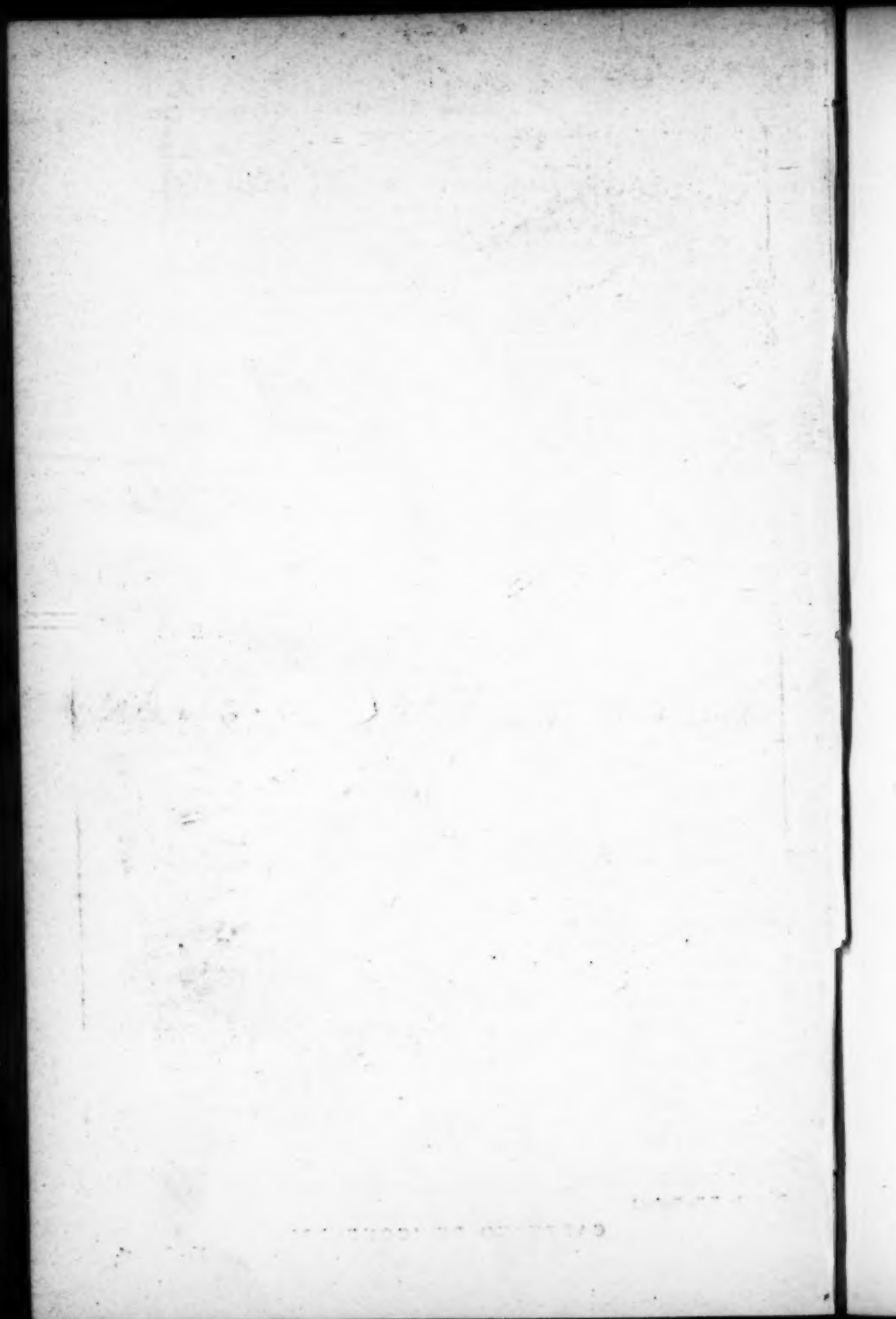




Drawn by Felix Darley.]

CAPTURED BY 'CONFEDS.'

[See Page 436.]





low tone, and as if talking to herself:

'God lub you Lincum sogers! Don't mind what dis old fool nigger say. She only skeert to say no-thing else. Look out, I tell you, for dat Massa Barker; he kill you all ef you don't.'

Having cornered what she had been trying to capture in the water, she threw it on the ground; and, filling the cup, offered it to me with a grin.

Here then was a friend in disguise, after all. I knew at once that the lieutenant was the 'Massa Barker' who was such a terrible fellow in her eyes; and I knew also, that her warning was not to be made light of. I resolved to act carefully, and avoid running risks where the odds would be hopelessly against us. But I had fully determined, and sworn in my own heart, that with the slightest glimmer offering a chance of success, I would risk heavy odds to escape.

I caught Totten's eye, as my thoughts ran thus. There was a decisive wicked look in it, that fully answered mine; and I knew I had a fearless comrade, for whatever I might undertake.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, we again started forward—descending the hill towards the Shenandoah. But, before reaching this river, the captain with the bulk of his party drew off from us; taking a road leading down stream, and leaving his stern lieutenant with six men as our guard.

As the horses picked their way slowly down the rough road, I managed by degrees to increase the distance between the leading file of rebels and myself; so that Totten and I had the chance of exchanging a word or two, unheard by either our comrades, or captors.

'Totten,' said I, 'you don't

want to go to the Libby prison, if you can help it, I suppose?'

'By jiminy!' he replied, this being his usual form of affirmation, 'I'd just as soon have a bullet sent through me. At least I would willingly run the risk of a dozen, rather than go there.'

'I'm afraid, that young Reb will give us but a slight chance to escape.'

'I don't know about that; he may think so little of our pluck, as not to give us credit for enough to make the attempt. Jiminy! if I had a square blow at that yellow scone of his, wouldn't I show him stars. Do you notice the way he speaks to, and looks at us, as if we were meaner than dogs?'

'Sergeant; could you manage to sprain your ankle at our next stopping-place? They are going to change horses soon. I overheard one of them say so. If I have to wait on you, and bathe your damaged ankle, and all that——'

I had no chance to finish what I intended saying. The lieutenant at that moment rode up, and kept alongside of us.

On reaching the bottom of the hill, we came upon a clearing—in the centre of which stood a farmhouse. It was a large log building with two wings, and an open space between them roofed over—one of the wings, only, having the appearance of a dwelling, the other without any windows, only an entrance from the open space between.

We were ordered to dismount, as soon as we had ridden into the inclosure in front of the house. Then, after hitching our horses to a long rack, we were taken through the open passage to another inclosure in the rear; which was several feet below the level of the ground in front. Totten and I were walked along, side by side; and,

just as we came to the steps leading down into the back yard, he stumbled, and fell violently forward, in an unsuccessful attempt to recover himself. Two of the Rebs, who were striding before us, with their rifles in hand, turned round on hearing the noise. When they saw the sergeant scrambling in the dust, they burst out laughing, and seemed greatly to enjoy the sight.

Totten had fallen with such violence, and so naturally, I really imagined he had seriously hurt himself. I was sure of it, when, on raising him up, he dropped down again with a groan, crying out, 'Cap, I've sprained my ankle darned badly.'

The lieutenant now came up; and roughly inquired the cause of the rumpus. On getting satisfied, he ordered us to be taken to a small stable that stood in one corner of the yard. I requested him to allow Totten to remain outside, and myself along with him—so that I might bathe his ankle with cold water, and see if I couldn't get him into walking condition before we started again.

'Bah! you can doctor him in the stable as well as here,' replied the young wolf with a grin.

'But, lieutenant; it will be more convenient here,' I said in the most conciliating manner I was capable of. 'The water is near at hand.'

'Put in the other two, then,' he exclaimed, pointing to Hill and Carey, the two privates. 'Turn all the horses into the old field; four of you get "fresh mounts," and be ready to come along with me.'

Hill and Carey were taken on to the stable, and thrust into it; the door was closed and bolted behind them; and two sentries stationed near by.

I managed with some difficulty to get Totten close up to the stoop of the dwelling, and under a large

tree; against the trunk of which I placed him in a sitting posture. Then, using my hands as ladles, I kept pouring a continued stream of cold water upon the injured ankle.

One of the sentries had been placed over Hill and Carey by the stable-door, while the other kept guard upon Totten and myself—a gaunt, stalwart fellow, with a very wide-awake and dangerous expression in his small greenish eyes.

With joy I saw the Confeds take the saddles from their horses, lead the animals down a narrow lane, and turn them loose into a large inclosure.

When they came back into the yard, four of them stepped into a second stable, larger than that in which the prisoners were secured. In a short time they came out again, each leading a horse. These they hitched to a long rack in front of the house.

The horses were at once saddled and bridled; and I could see through the open door of the stable that it was now empty, and that the animals brought forth were all of their reserve stock.

Each wing of the building was entered by a door that fronted on the central space. One was a heavy oaken door that opened outward. Could be secured by a strong shooting bolt, and a thick flat swinging bar of iron attached to it.

Shortly after I had got Totten up to the back step, I noticed that this door had been left ajar, and that the lieutenant had gone inside, where he had seated himself.

The door was sufficiently open to allow me a good view of the room inside. I saw there was a large heap of shelled corn in one corner, and on a bench close by lay the rifles and revolvers of the men, who were out looking after the horses. The heavy padlock,

belonging to the door-bolt, lay on the porch outside.

After saddling their horses, the four men sat down on the front step. In a few minutes, two of them got up again, and lounged into the store-room; where presently they became engaged in wiping their revolvers.

Soon another rose up, and also went inside the store-room, where he threw himself down on the corn heap. The fourth man remained in the porch, employed in mending the broken rein of a bridle. Presently he, too, got up, and walked into the building, where I could hear him asking for an awl. Just then I felt a quick beating at the heart, and a sudden flushing in my face, as a thought came across my brain, that promised a plan of escape.

Although I felt cool and collected, as ever in my life, I could hear my heart thumping against my ribs, like the strokes of a trip-hammer. My anxiety was extreme; for I knew every moment that passed lessened our chance of success. At any instant the Confederate lieutenant might start us to the road again.

The trooper, who had been strap-mending, once more came out upon the porch, and walked off to where his horse stood at the rack.

Buckling on the mended rein, he returned to the house, and went straight into the store-room. Crossing to his comrades, he sat down on the bench beside them.

I looked at Totten, and then asked the guard in a low voice, if we could not have a cabbage leaf to place on the sprained ankle.

'Cabbage leaf!' he replied, 'where the h—l's there any cabbage about hyar?'

'Right there,' said I, pointing to a corner of the inclosure, where I had observed a few miserable

heads growing, in a sort of garden patch.

'Oh!' answered he, with a laugh, 'if you think them 'ere will do you any good, you kin take 'em, I s'pose.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Totten; 'won't you have some tobacco?'

And the sergeant drew from his pocket a plug of the weed—which by good luck he happened to have about him.

The Reb, stepping up, took it readily; and, cramming a quid into his jaw, drew off again.

As Totten wished it, the movement placed him several feet nearer us, than he had been before.

'I reckon a bit o' baccy air better than a cabbage leaf,' he remarked with a grin.

'Not to us, now,' replied Totten, with a glance given to me that, had the sentry seen, and been anything of a physiognomist, would have done us damage.

'Rube!' he said, calling out to the other guard, who was about fifty paces off, and nearer the patch of cultivated ground, 'pitch one o' them 'ere old heads of greens this way; the Yank wants it for his crippled foot.'

Reuben, propping his long rifle against the log he was seated on, and slowly rising up, walked toward the 'greens.'

I glanced at Totten. He was gathering his legs under him, and furiously rubbing the sprained ankle with one hand. Our sentry had turned half way round, while speaking to the other; the butt of his gun rested on his boot, not more than a dozen feet from the sergeant's grasp. I was close to Totten, only a little outside, and in full view of the Confed. I saw that the sergeant was quite ready, and watching me with eager eyes.

The outside guard had reached the cabbage patch, and was stooping to pluck the 'greens.' The

time for action had at length arrived; and I raised my right hand.

With the spring of a catamount, Totten threw himself forward upon the unsuspecting sentry. As he did so, I rushed up the steps, caught hold of the heavy door, dashed it to, and drove home the shooting-bolt—before the men inside could stir hand or foot!

There had not been a second to spare. By the time I had got the swinging bar into its place, the Rebs had thrown themselves against the door, uttering loud curses.

But the bolt was a strong one, and resisted all their efforts, until I had got the bar safe in its place, and secured it with the padlock. This done I sprang out of the porch again, and ran for the rifle left leaning against the log.

All the while, Totten and the sentry were engaged in a deathlike struggle. On first flinging himself on the latter, Totten had caught him round the legs, at the same time securing his gun, and bringing him to the ground. I knew that few men could equal the sergeant in rough strength; and, satisfied he would soon have the mastery over his opponent, I left him to settle that matter for himself.

As I rushed to get possession of the rifle, its owner, bewildered by the sudden surprise, was now running towards it himself—making a loud outcry and still holding the head of cabbage in his hand. Fortunately I was the swifter, and reached the log first: but, as I stooped to grasp the gun, the Reb threw himself impetuously upon me. Seizing the butt in one hand, with the other he struck me a violent blow in the face. But I had the barrel firmly grasped; and, exerting all my strength, I succeeded in becoming master of the weapon

—drawing the man down upon his knees. Before he could recover himself, I dealt him a crushing blow with the butt, that felled him flat upon the earth.

To rush to the stable, and set free our comrades, Hill and Carey, was but the work of a few seconds. Then we all ran to where the sergeant, and the big sentry, were still engaged in their deadly wrestle.

Totten had his antagonist by the throat; and would no doubt have strangled him, but that the Confed was a very powerful man, and had got hold of the sergeant's wrist.

Our arrival put an end to the struggle; as the sentry, seeing himself outnumbered, with a rifle held close to his head, cried out, 'Quarter!'

While all this was taking place, the party in the store-room were making furious efforts to burst open the door. But as the oak was sound, and the bolts strong; we saw it would take them some time to make their way out.

Before they did this, we were all four mounted, and galloping gaily away.

We knew we had little to fear from pursuit, by those left at the log house. On the tired horses that remained to them, and the start we had obtained, there would be no chance for the Confeds to overtake us.

Fortune proved friendly to us. Not a soul did we encounter, as we dashed along at a breakneck pace; until we fell in with a body of our own cavalry, several miles beyond where we had been captured in the morning; which at length put an end to our apprehensions.

I had some explanations to make, after rejoining my regiment—as to how I got the very handsome black eye, I had brought from the other side of the Shenandoah.

## MILLICENT MAY.

WHEN all the world is a whirl of singing,  
 When blackbird, linnet, and thrush prolong,  
 The wave of music, around us clinging,  
 Which crests in melody, breaks in song:  
 When every foot the harebell crushes,  
 And only the roses die too soon:  
 When carolling choirs, in blossoming bushes,  
 Sing madrigal songs for the birth of June;  
 Then, down in the new-mown fields of hay,  
 My heart it pines for thee, Millicent May!

The nightingale wails, till the morning breaketh,  
 For love of my love in its moonlit grove,  
 The cool green meadows the lark forsaketh  
 To tell to heaven of my love! my love!  
 The waving boughs of the alders sigh to her,  
 Her feet are kiss'd by the buttercup king!  
 The summer-down breeze creeps softly nigh to her  
 To play with her hair and to sing—to sing!  
 Alone she wandereth! Why delay!  
 Poor heart that is breaking for Millicent May!

Ah! Millicent May, though winter is over,  
 And rain and ruin are passed and gone,  
 Though summer has given a love and a lover,  
 The love is alone, and the lover alone!  
 The winter has given us tears and sorrow,  
 The spring has given them time to die,  
 But the summer! the summer! has no to-morrow.  
 Let us live in the summer, love, you and I.  
 Stop, wandering maid, in the new-mown hay,  
 A suppliant pleads to thee, Millicent May!

Sleep, birds and buds, as I wander away to her,  
 Haste, hurrying feet, through the tender grass,  
 On the strings of my heart I am longing to play to her,  
 When the song is over, the sound will pass  
 And echo adown the valley beneath us  
 For a moment's rest, till it soars above  
 To ask that heav'n may at last bequeath us  
 A life of laughter! a life of love!  
 Away! away! through the new-mown hay,  
 She's waiting! awaiting me—Millicent May!

## THE LETTER OF MY DEAD WIFE.

MY young wife died on the 9th of January, 186—, giving birth to a daughter, which followed her to the grave immediately after.

How I survived that period and that whirlwind of grief surprises me. I had won my wife against odds. I was poor and proud, and when taunted by her father with the words, 'fortune hunter,' I swore that I would earn an independence and then claim her. I kept my word. For five long years I laboured as only a man urged on to his labour by one absorbing passion can work. For five long years I scarcely saw her, but when my long work was ended we were married, and she made my life happy indeed.

But soon! oh, how much too soon! came the great trouble, and I lost her!

\* \* \* \* \*

I resolved upon travel; my medical man advised change of climate, of scene, of people, and of association; mechanically I assented to his suggestion, mechanically I took my seat one lovely summer's morning (the 19th June) in a first-class carriage *en route* for Paris, and where afterwards I cared not.

I bribed the guard to lock the door that I might indulge in my own sad musings without fear of intrusion, and had wrapped myself up in a fanciful security when, just as the train was about to start, a small valise was pitched in through the window, followed by a hat-box, and while we were actually in motion the door was unlocked, and a man, jumping lightly over the luggage which strewed the floor of the carriage, subsided into a seat exactly opposite mine.

One feels almost an aversion towards a new comer in a railway carriage. With what ill-will the passenger at a wayside station is received by the occupants of a well-lighted, well-heated compartment, when the door opens to admit the rush of a piercing wind, a dash of rain, and probably a damp body.

I was almost savage with the faithless official, and disgusted with the intruder. I felt irritated to a degree that I could scarcely account for; and, rolling myself into a corner, I gazed steadfastly out into the country, as though an agent for a telegraph company employed to count the poles.

The stranger, coolly collecting his luggage and divesting himself of a courier bag which hung across his shoulder, proceeded, with the nonchalance of a Queen's messenger, to prepare to smoke; and, having selected a cigar, and biting off the end, languidly observed, 'No objection to smoking.'

'This is not a smoking carriage,' I replied.

'Really?'

'I object!'

'Really.'

There was a cool impertinence in the tone that roused my anger, and I turned round and gazed at him.

He was a well-built, handsome man, apparently about five-and-thirty. His eyes were small and glittering as those of a rat. His moustache very bushy, and carefully pointed. He was dressed in a grey tweed travelling suit; his gloves were yellow, and in one hand he held a very handsome Russian leather cigar-case, with the initials C. B. engraven thereon, in the other the unlighted cigar and fusée.



The state of nervous excitement under which I laboured would have led me to attempt anything; and although I felt that at any other time I should be physically unequal to an encounter with this man, there was that within me that temporarily gave me a super-human strength.

'I object,' I again repeated, the words oozing from between my clenched teeth.

'Your objection shall not affect my resolve in the least, and I shall smoke.' So saying, he lifted his right foot, laid it delicately across his left knee, and adjusting the *fusée*, rubbed it deliberately against the dry leather of the sole. The combustible portion of the match fell off. 'Confound it, the only one I had; I must wait till we get to Canterbury.'

I was so eager for a contest with this man that this was a source of intense disappointment. If I had a light about me indeed I should have presented it to him for the purpose of bringing the question to an issue.

'I imagine if you tried you would find one, sir,' I sneered.

'Can you give me a light?' he asked.

'I cannot.'

'Wait till we get to Canterbury, and I'll smoke you dry as an Egyptian mummy.'

'I shall.'

This closed our conversation. I leaned back into the corner of the carriage, an unaccountable hatred against this man envenoming every thought. I did not stay to reason with myself. I did not ask, Is this trifle of lighting a cigar worth so much of bad and bitter emotion? I did not admit a ray of hope that, ere we reached Canterbury, that the vengeful feelings should pass away. No; I longed with the craving of a gambler for the moment when the game was

to be renewed; and no pilgrim ever desired to gaze upon the green stone at Mecca with a greater fever than I did to behold the spires of the grand old cathedral.

The shadow was upon me. The black cloud was looming overhead.

Onwards dashed and shrieked the train. Through the meadows laden with the perfume of the summer dew. Past rivulets sparkling in the golden sunlight. By villages, towards which by-and-by the mowers would wend their joyous way when the sun would be red in the West. Everything looked bright and beautiful, yet I could not share the brightness or the beauty, for grief and rage were warring in my breast, and my heart, which an hour before had been steeped in tears, was now bathing in the glow of anger. Onwards dashed the train. For a moment I was myself again; we were approaching the village of D—, where I first met her who was lost to me for ever. There stood the old church with its ivied tower, the rooks whirling round and about it as of yore, unmindful of the time when I used, with bated breath and throbbing heart, to watch her as she wended her way to offer up her pure prayers within its sacred walls. On the right lay — Hall, where I first bathed in the inexhaustive glories of love's young dream. There the copse where I dared breathe my burning hopes. I could gaze no longer; and, burying my face in my hands, I gave myself up to one of those reveries during which the hour, the place, the circumstances of my surroundings, were utterly forgotten, and I wandered by her side as in the olden time, and all was light, and joy, and love. How long this day dream may have lasted, and why I awoke from it until the train stopped, I cannot

tell, but when I looked up, my companion was engaged in reading a letter—an ordinary looking letter, written upon pink note paper. Suddenly my attention became rivetted—closer—closer—every nerve in my body began to tingle, my heart gave one mighty bound, *for the handwriting was that of my dead wife.*

An icy sickness crept over me. The small portion I could read showed me words that should be explained, words of to me—unfathomable mystery. I felt as if I should swoon, my brain began to throb, and for a moment I was almost insensible. Then in a voice that startled me from its very hollowness, I said,

‘When did you receive that letter?’

He looked up, smiled, and resumed his reading of it.

‘When did you receive that letter?’

‘Excuse me if I refuse to comply with your request.’

‘You must tell me.’

‘You’re a cool hand ’pon my soul!’ he exclaimed.

‘I beg of you to answer my question.’

‘I don’t understand it.’

‘My question is’—and I was as cool as ice, though my brain was on fire—‘when did you receive the letter you are now engaged in reading?’

‘What if I refuse to answer your question, which I consider grossly impertinent?’ he replied, angrily.

‘You must tell me. You must give it to me. You have no right to it!’ I shouted.

‘You are either mad or drunk, but whichever it is, you shall neither know when I received this letter, nor shall you become possessor of it as long as I can control my tongue or make use of my arms.’

He was preparing to replace it in his pocket.

Mine it should be.

Without a moment’s hesitation I made a snatch at it.

He was top quick for me, but, in throwing back his hand to avoid my grasp, his fingers relaxed their hold, and the letter flew out of the open window.

We were travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Houses, trees, hedges, and telegraph-posts flashed past.

The letter must be mine. It must be regained.

Houses, trees, hedges, and telegraph-posts flashed past.

The one absorbing idea rushed through my mind. I did not hesitate the tenth part of a second.

Houses, trees, hedges, and telegraph-posts flashed past.

I threw open the door, and stood upon the step.

Houses, trees, hedges, and telegraph-posts flashed past.

My companion seized my arm.

Houses, trees, hedges, and telegraph-posts flashed past.

I sprang forward.

‘God save me!’ I said.

A horrible crash! A million of lights!

\* \* \* \* \*

When I recovered consciousness I found myself in a reclining position, and surrounded by a number of strange faces. I could not realize the situation for some moments; and when at length my reason began to assert itself the whole truth flashed upon me. I endeavoured to rise, but found so much pain in moving that I desisted.

‘Do not stir, sir,’ said an elderly man, who was engaged in bathing my temples. ‘We’ve sent for a doctor, and we expect him every moment.’

As he was speaking the medical man arrived.

He made a careful examination, and pronounced that, as far as his judgment went, the bones were unbroken, that a contused cut on the temple might prove troublesome, and that immediate and careful removal and rest would be essential.

I listened to all this, and more, as the doctor gave his directions to the man who was engaged in bathing my head, and whom I subsequently learned was foreman of a gang of plate-layers engaged in repairing the line at the place where I had alighted. He described me as bounding along the line like a huge ball, and that my escape was nothing short of a miracle.

'Here, sir, is his watch, and keys, and pocket-book,' added the foreman, handing the articles mentioned to the doctor.

I sat up and fervently returned thanks to Him whose name was the last on my lips ere springing from the carriage.

'Five pounds to any man who will bring me a letter written on pink paper. It dropped from the carriage right-hand window from London, about half a minute before I fell out.'

The workmen looked at each other, then at me, and lastly at the doctor, evidently under the impression that I was raving.

'Five pounds, men! What are you staring at? Now then, men, stir yourselves! Don't you want to earn a five-pound note handy?' cried the foreman.

In an instant off they started, tearing along the line in the direction indicated.

'Do not excite yourself, sir, it is sure to be found,' said the doctor, his finger on my wrist. 'Had you fine weather in town?'

This was to distract my attention; but the good man little knew that my whole of life was

concentrated on the discovery of that tiny piece of pink paper.

'Do not stir, sir; pray do not. I insist on it,' cried the doctor, endeavouring to restrain me from rising.

I shook him off, and stood upon my feet, very sick, very giddy, but still able to stand.

It appeared an age. I felt agonized with apprehension lest it should not be found.

'How long have I been unconscious?' I asked of the foreman, who stood respectfully by.

'About twenty minutes, sir.'

'Did any trains pass up the line, either way, since?'

'No, sir.'

'Then the letter must be safe. I feared that the wheels of the up-train might have caught and annihilated it.'

At this moment there was a shout, and one of the men came running towards us waving something in his hands.

'He has it, sir,' said the foreman.

The man approached nearer—nearer; my head began to swim, nearer—nearer; that for which I had ventured my life, aye, and would again, was mine. I held out my hands mechanically; with a last effort I clutched the letter which the breathless navvy tendered to me, thrust it into my bosom, and fainted away.

\* \* \* \* \*

'At what hour does the train start for Canterbury?'

'Four o'clock, sir.'

'What delay shall I have in Canterbury, so as to be able, if necessary, to catch the tidal train?'

'Thirty-two minutes, sir.'

'Can I telegraph?'

'No, sir. Lord bless you, sir, it's enough for us to see the wires. A telegram here would set us crazy.'

These questions were addressed by me to the station-master at the B—— Station, to which I had been carried by the navvies on an improvised litter during my second period of unconsciousness.

My head had been dressed, brandy and water administered; and, although against the strongest remonstrances of Doctor Flethurst, the kind and accomplished physician who attended me, I resolved to push on—to track and follow, if necessary, to the uttermost limits of the earth, my companion of the morning, and compel him, with a sword at his throat or a revolver at his breast, to explain the purport of the letter of my dead wife.

It was undated.

These are the words:

Thursday.

'DEAREST,

'Why have you not written? I cannot understand it. You have no idea how perplexed I have been by your silence. I am compelled, as you are aware, to be very careful, lest our letters should be discovered; but I have taken every precaution. Come at once. I think our lucky star is in the ascendant.

'FANNIE.'

This was the letter.

The paper was fresh and glossy, but it wore the unmistakable signs of much folding and unfolding. The manufacturer's name was stamped on one corner. In vain I turned it over and over in the hope of a faint clue as to date; not a scratch—not a blot. Would it have been Fannie's letter were it blotted? No!

How came my wife to write to other than her husband in such endearing terms? Could she have deceived—

I caught myself by the throat

to choke back the vile-thought word.

Could it possibly be some old letter written to myself in those days when we were surrounded by enemies to our true loves, which had by some remote chance fallen into this person's hands? No!

I could repeat, line for line, word for word, her letters to me, from her first, a simple, fluttering invitation to a dinner-party at her father's, to the last fond 'Take care of yourself, Freddy, darling, for the sake of your wife and baby,' written during Christmas week, when I was compelled to proceed to York to look after my uncle's legacy.

Could I be mistaken in the writing? No!

The letters clear, well defined, large as her bountiful heart.

The signature the same. The same odd habit of leaving a margin on the left hand of the page, as is the practice of government officials.

The more I thought over it, the greater my perplexity, the sterner my resolve, cost what it might, to unravel thread by thread the mystery which surrounded the letter of my dead wife, like unto a shroud.

And here I repeat, for I write the occurrence according to the order of the event, that never, oh, not for the one thousandth part of a second, did I cast the shadow of a doubt as to the motives of my dead wife in writing this letter.

To doubt here, would have been to rend the white robe of the Angel of Parity. With burning eagerness I scrambled out of a train at Canterbury, for I was in an agony of pain, and nothing but the intense pressure of my mind could have enabled me to move.

Of the porter, who assisted me to alight, I asked—

'Did you attend the mail from London this morning?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Did you see a tall gentleman in a grey suit, pointed moustaches, and yellow gloves?'

'I'm sure I cannot say, sir,' then turning to a brother official, he shouted—

'I say, Awkins, did you see a mail gentleman, yellow gloves, 1.40 up?'

'The mail always wears yellor gloves,' responded the other. 'Yes I see a tall gentleman a talking to the station-master.'

'Where is the station-master, I must see him directly?'

'This way, sir. Beg pardon, you're werry lame; lean on me, sir,' said the first porter, good-naturedly, as I limped in the direction of the station-master's office.

The station-master was absent, but a person acting for him was seated engaged in writing.

'Did a tall gentleman, wearing a grey suit, yellow gloves, pointed moustache alight here?' I asked.

'Yes,' without looking up.

'Did he go on by the train?'

'Yes.'

'Did he mention anything about a gentleman falling from the carriage?'

'He did,' then looking up— 'I beg your pardon, sir, are you the accident?'

'I am.'

'Pray be seated.'

I sat down.

'Yes, sir, he alighted, and gave those, pointing to my rug, umbrella, and travelling case, which I had in the carriage with me at the time of the occurrence.

'Did he give you no particulars?'

'He did.' Here he referred to some written memoranda, and read rapidly. 'He said your manner was very strange, that you objected to his smoking, and were very

insolent. He said he was reading a letter—that you asked him for it—that you made a grab at it—that it fell out of the window—that you jumped out after it—that he tried to prevent you, and that he considers you are insane. Good God, sir, it was a frightful thing to jump from a mail train. How you are alive to tell the tale is miraculous, and—' here the official broke forth—'and remember, sir, that for any injury you may have received, the Company is not in any way liable.'

'What is the gentleman's name?'

'I do not know, sir.'

I lost all patience.

'And how in the name of heaven could you allow him to go without ascertaining his name? You shall be held accountable for this gross stupidity and neglect of duty. By heavens you shall!'

So brutally rude was I, that I have since stopped at Canterbury to apologize.

'Be that as it may, he dashed out of this office to jump into the train.'

'Then he went on?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Can you tell me where he was going to?'

'I cannot. Perhaps the examiner of tickets might.'

'Can I see him?'

'You can.'

The functionary in question having been summoned and interrogated—

'He did remember the party, who gained his carriage as he was a locking the door. He examined his ticket while the train was a moving. It was a "through" to Paris.'

This was a clue at all events. I should be only a few hours behind him, and, unless he was on some mission of life and death, the chances were in favour of his stopping in Paris.

To detail my sensations whilst waiting for the train, and during the subsequent journey were to enter into a psychological analysis for which the reader would scarcely thank me; suffice it to say, I reached Paris in a state of fever, with a gloomy fear beating at my heart, that I should be forced to yield to its tightening grasp ere the newly created object of my life could be attained.

What cared I for the sunlight of glorious summer morning?

What cared I for the beauty of the Boulevards?

The letter of my dead wife was lying against my bounding heart. The shade of my dead wife was calling upon me to have the clouds enveloping it dispelled. My whole being was concentrated in this one fixed idea, and I was as dead to outward influence, as the staled mummy in the pyramids of the Ptolemys.

On arrival at Paris, I made inquiries of the most respectable looking official on the platform relative to the passenger I was in search of. The official in question called a sort of council of war of *sous officiers*, which resulted in my being informed that the party in question had alighted from the English mail train of the previous evening, and had driven in coach Number 284 to the Hôtel du Louvre, Rue Rivoli.

If I desired further information I should apply to the Prefect of Police.

In a whirlwind of triumphant feeling I entered a coach directing the driver to proceed to the hotel in question—I entered.

There was no one to attend to me; I crawled up the steps leading to the *Salon*.

I stopped a waiter who was hurrying past me.

'Did a tall gentleman in a grey suit, pointed moustache, and

yellow gloves arrive here last night?'

'*Yaas, Monsieur.*'

'His name. His name?'

'Beneson, Monsieur.'

'Show me to his room, quick! quick!' I almost screamed.

'Monsieur cannot to see him. He am gone out *d'une grand vitesse*. He forget dis.' The waiter produced from his pocket a Russian leather cigar-case, and on the cigar case, in burnished letters, the initials C. B. shone like light.

*It was his.* I was on the right track.

'Show me to his room. Quick! quick!'

'Monsieur cannot to see him. He am gone out.'

'Where has he gone? Tell me. Here is a sovereign. Where has he gone to?'

'He leave direction mit Gustave, me tink. I vill to see,' and the waiter left me in search of Gustave.

In a moment he returned, carrying a slip of paper, on which was written—

'If Monsieur de Crut calls upon Mr. Charles Benson before ten o'clock, say that Mr. Benson has gone to 13 Rue —, where he will remain until Monsieur de C. returns.'

Snatching the paper from the hands of the astonished waiter, and forgetful of my aching frame, I hurried down the staircase — into the court-yard — re-entered the coach, which was still in waiting, and shouted to the driver—

'Numero treize, Rue' —. Vite! Vite!

The agony I endured of mind and body during the journey from the Hôtel du Louvre to the Rue — will never be effaced from my memory. While I write this the recollection of my sufferings is causing every nerve to quiver, every joint to ache. I



could not conceive that physical agony could reach so high a pitch without killing that upon which it fed.

Arrived at the Rue —, the coachman experienced little difficulty in discovering No. 13. I alighted, and having inquired at the porter's lodge for the object of my search, was informed that I should ring at the first door on my right, as the gentleman I had described was visiting the family who resided *au premier*.

I rang the bell as directed.

'Monsieur Benson.'

'Oui, monsieur.'

'Peut on voir?'

'Oui, monsieur.'

I brushed past her, tried the handle of a door opposite me. It yielded, the door opened, and I saw—

My travelling companion, in the same grey suit, standing at a window. Beside him a young girl, his right arm encircling her waist.

I had entered softly, and neither of them were aware of my presence.

Tiger-like I lay waiting for a spring.

Tiger-like I glared at my prey ere I burst upon it.

He was talking about me.

'He must have been smashed into a mummy.'

The girl shuddered.

Little did he imagine that I stood within three paces of him.

'Why did you not seize him, Charles?'

They were conversing in English.

'I tried to do so, but he seemed possessed of the strength of three ordinary men. He knocked me into the corner of the carriage like a racket-ball.

'Poor creature! You should have given him the letter,' said the girl, compassionately.

'Not if he was going to jump again. Poor devil! it's not giving him much trouble now.'

'More, perhaps, than you think,' said I.

He turned rapidly round. So did the girl.

He blanched. She screamed.

'Good God!' he said, and threw his arm round, as if to protect her.

I glanced at myself in the opposite mirror.

I was a ghastly sight.

My hair clotted with blood; blood upon my livid face, and where the dark red stain did not show broad streaks of caked grime and dust; my eyes sunk and fiery, as those of a ferret; my apparel in disorder; my right hand in my breast-pocket grasping the letter of my dead wife.

I glared at my own image.

'Good God!' said he; 'what is the meaning of this?'

'I want to have an explanation with you, sir,' I replied.

I saw he was preparing for a spring.

'You said I was possessed of the strength of three ordinary men. Don't try it now. I am armed.'

'For heaven's sake,' sobbed the girl, throwing herself between Benson and me, 'don't harm him. He has done you no wrong. He will give you money. I will give you money. Take anything you like—everything.'

'Hush!' said Benson to the girl; there is no danger. I have only to shout, and half a dozen gendarmes will spring into this room.'

This was brag.

'I have no desire to frighten this young lady, and I apologize for entering thus unexpectedly into her presence. My business is with you, sir; and as to your bravado, it's too absurd.'

I had brought him to bay.

'What do you require of me? I do not know you. You can have no claim on me. You are labouring under some terrible delusion. My name is Benson. I am a barrister, living in the Middle Temple, London. If you think to frighten me by your threats you are mistaken in your man. I am willing to make every allowance, on account of the terrible accident you have met with, and——'

He was coming towards the door.

I placed my back against it.

'You don't leave this room until you tell me how you came by this.'

And as I spoke I drew the letter from my breast-pocket. Thinking it was a weapon, the girl, with a dashing bravery, caught my arm, while Benson jumped aside.

He did not recognize it.

'Tell me how you came by this letter.'

'What letter?'

'This is the letter I risked my life to gain. This is the letter you refused to part with. You see I am not a man to be turned aside from a purpose. Tell me how you came by it.'

He seemed intensely astonished, bewildered.

'I received it by the post the morning I left London,' he replied.

'It's a lie,' said I.

'I state the truth,' he replied.

'When was it written?'

'The day before I received it.'

'It's a lie. That letter must have been written before the 19th of last January, and it was written by the hand of my dead wife.'

'You are mad,' he said. 'That letter was written in this house on the day before yesterday, and *was written by this lady*,' turning, as he spoke, to the young girl.

'This ready call on your imagination will not serve your purpose. I know the writing too well; and by heaven I am not to be trifled with. There is that contained in it which demands an explanation, and I will tear it from your tongue.'

'Oh! sir,' cried the girl. 'This is indeed my letter. As I hope for salvation, that letter in your hand was written by me.'

Truth shone from out her eyes. I felt as if I had received a blow.

I seized her hand, drew her towards an open Davenport, and, in a husky voice, cried—

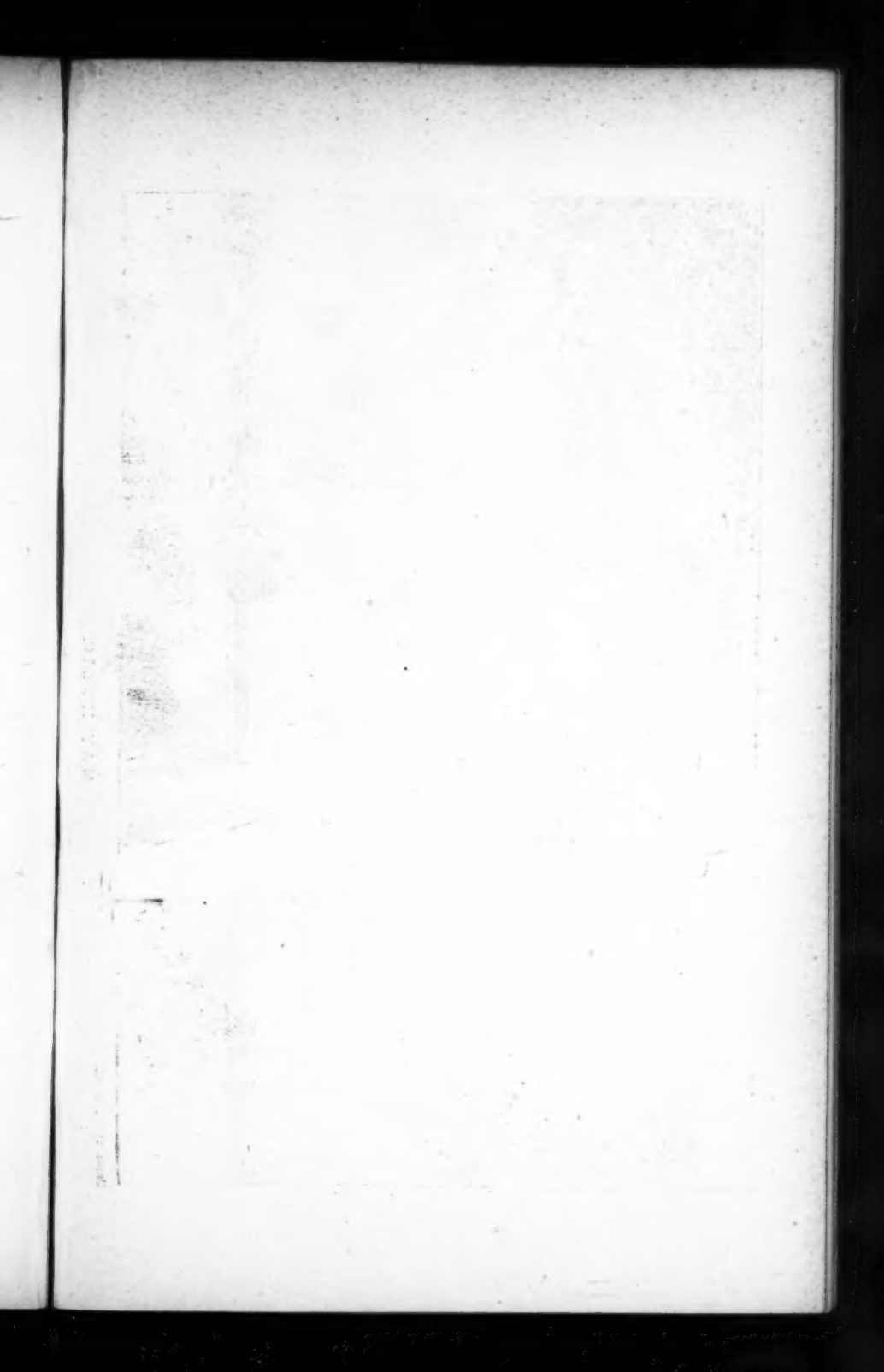
'Copy that letter.'

She opened the desk, drew out a sheet of *pink paper*, and prepared to write.

I watched her as she dipped the pen into the ink, I watched her as she wrote the first word. I watched her with unerring, unfaltering exactitude. She copied the letter, copied it as if 'twere done by a machine. The same large letters, the same official-looking margin, the same word 'Fannie.' She looked up at me. Truth in her eyes.

I saw my error. I saw that on account of the strange similarity in the writing I had mistaken her letter to her lover for a letter written by my dead wife.

During the fever that ensued, I found Samaritanism in the hearts of Charles Benson and of the young girl, whose handwriting bore such a fatal resemblance to that of my dead wife.





Drawn by A. Hopkins.]

# MAY MUSIC.

## MAY MUSIC.

## A SPRING CHORUS.

THE secret of the world is told !  
 The bee is chattering by the wall ;  
 Through luscious beech-boughs mossed in mould,  
 From leaf to leaf the wood-doves call.  
 The lark, green where all is green,  
 Tunes with the song the linking leaves ;  
 The strange lute-like pipes between ;  
 The thrush it tells it in the eaves,  
 The sparrow chirps it with the morn,  
 The thrush at eve repeats the tale,  
 At noon the cuckoo on the thorn,  
 And all night long the nightingale.

The secret of the world is told !  
 Down, at a flood of beauty drowned,  
 On one surpassing wave has rolled  
 To earth her freight of living sound.  
 The hive-bee with mysterious hum,  
 With honied bag and falling drop,  
 Home with the gracious touch is won,  
 The chaffer whirs it, humming by,  
 The sparrow chirps it with the morn,  
 The thrush at eve repeats the tale,  
 At noon the cuckoo on the thorn,  
 And all night long the nightingale.

The secret of the world is told !  
 The redstart sings it in the vine ;  
 The goldfinch across the long blue wold,  
 The juncos of the answering kind,  
 Quivering with song and hushed to light,  
 From nest amid the sprouting eye,  
 Chewing a sunbeam broad and bright,  
 The skylark trills it to the sky,  
 The sparrow chirps it with the morn,  
 The thrush at eve repeats the tale,  
 At noon the cuckoo on the thorn,  
 And all night long the nightingale.

The secret of the world is told ;  
 The universal love proclaimed !  
 The young lamb bleats it in the fold ;  
 By every voice the name is named.  
 The herd-boy, little he knows not why,  
 But singing as the wind must sing,  
 Hymns, as the rock goes hawing by,  
 The eternal chorus of the spring,  
 The sparrow chirps it with the morn,  
 The thrush at eve repeats the tale,  
 At noon the cuckoo on the thorn,  
 And all night long the nightingale.



Drawn by A. Hopkins.

MAY MUSIC.



## MAY MUSIC.

## A SPRING CHORUS.

THE secret of the world is told !  
 The pie is chattering by the wall :  
 Through lichened beech-boughs mossed in mould,  
 From bosc to bosc the wood-doves call.  
 The linnet, green where all is green,  
 Threads with the song the linking leaves ;  
 The orange bullfinch pipes between :  
 The swallow twits it in the eaves.  
 The sparrow chirps it with the morn,  
 The thrush at eve repeats the tale,  
 At noon the cuckoo on the thorn,  
 And all night long the nightingale.

The secret of the world is told !  
 Day, in a flood of beauty drowned,  
 On one surpassing wave has rolled  
 To earth her freight of living sound.  
 The hive-bee with mysterious hum,  
 With honied bag and laden thigh,  
 Home with the gracious truth is come :  
 The chafer whirrs it, booming by.  
 The sparrow chirps it with the morn,  
 The thrush at eve repeats the tale,  
 At noon the cuckoo on the thorn,  
 And all night long the nightingale.

The secret of the world is told !  
 The redstart sings it in the vine :  
 Faint sounds across the long blue wold,  
 The lowing of the answering kine.  
 Quivering with song and lapped in light,  
 From nest amid the sprouting rye,  
 Cleaving a sunbeam broad and bright,  
 The skylark trills it to the sky.  
 The sparrow chirps it with the morn,  
 The thrush at eve repeats the tale,  
 At noon the cuckoo on the thorn,  
 And all night long the nightingale.

The secret of the world is told ;  
 The universal love proclaimed !  
 The young lamb bleats it in the fold :  
 By every voice One name is named.  
 The herd-boy, blithe he knows not why,  
 But singing as the rest must sing,  
 Hymns, as the rook goes cawing by,  
 The eternal chorus of the spring.  
 The sparrow chirps it with the morn,  
 The thrush at eve repeats the tale,  
 At noon the cuckoo on the thorn,  
 And all night long the nightingale.

## OUR PHILOSOPHERS.

## I.

**A**MONG the literary forces which are working upon the minds of the present age those intellectual chiefs are especially to be reckoned whom we may call 'Our Philosophers.' By philosophy in its largest sense we mean the Search after Truth, or, if you like, *Reasoned Truth*, not truth on which we have accidentally stumbled, or which we have accepted on authority, or which we desire or are disposed to accept, but truth which we have sought, and reasoned, and worked out for ourselves, and, in this sense, philosophy is the directress of human intelligence, and philosophers are the guides of human society. Only it is to be observed that there is—and it will frequently need to be pointed out—a true and false philosophy, and sham and real philosophers. Our great thinkers do not act on human life and thought immediately and directly, but mediately and indirectly. They resemble the sources of the Thames, which we lately tracked in a lonely district. There were the seven springs gushing forth from the dark grey rock, little known or visited of men, but they are the well-heads of the imperial river on whose bosom armaments and argosies ride or repose. Even so it is with our deepest thinkers; their names are almost unknown; their writings are little read; there are perhaps only three score people in the three kingdoms who are competent to sit in critical judgment upon them. But these are the master minds that influence other minds, and these influences are often attended with enormous prac-

tical results. Thus it was the English philosophers that developed the encyclopædists, and the encyclopædist that produced the French revolution. Although we of the British public, we of London society, may not be qualified to sit in judgment on our great abstract thinkers, yet it may be possible to approach them on the literary and popular side, to form some notion of their achievements and some estimate of their general drift and influence. It is perhaps as well that we should endeavour to look a little further and deeper than at what appears on the literary surface, and attempt to obtain some kind of valuation of contemporary thinkers, which is at least perhaps preferable to totally neglecting them.

It must be owned that pure thinking does not find a congenial home among the English. As a practical people we are not given to abstractions. We cling to the Macaulayan dictum that an acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Utopia. Still philosophical ideas are struggling into prominence. It generally happens by a slow process of infiltration. Some clever young man whose mind has been saturated with Mill or Herbert Spencer gets on the staff of the *Daily Tomahawk*, and gradually some phrase of philosophical terminology obtains a currency, and even the corresponding idea slowly obtains a footing. If men only cared more for philosophy they would find, as Milton urged long ago, that it is 'musical as is Apollo's lute.' Philosophy is repellent because men do not

see that it deals with practical questions, or is attended with positive results. We may here make a citation from the history of Ancient Philosophy. A certain philosopher—we think it was Thales—made an immense sum because his science enabled him to predict a good or a bad year. He did this in order to show men that philosophers could win the good things of this life if they only thought it worth their while to give them their serious attention. We think that some proof of this kind is attainable in the writings of our English philosophers. For instance, when a writer, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, takes up such a practical question as Education; or look at the numerous writings of Mr. Bain. He enables us to see clearly that he is aiming at the largest direct benefits of the highest culture of the mind and body. He takes the whole round of the sciences and practical knowledge, and practical aims pervade all his teaching. In fact, all his philosophy is worked out physiologically, and he is perhaps the most systematic and far-sighted of English teachers. Mr. Bain is so intensely practical that he absolutely refuses to look at metaphysics except through physiology. The large practical aims and the distant political aims of our advanced thinkers are to be distinctly recognized. Mr. Mill concentrates his genius on all kinds of practical questions, Ireland, Land Labour, India, Political Economy. But, without doubt, the vastest practical questions now looming in the future are foreshadowed by the present discussions of philosophy. We have alluded to the influence of Locke on French thought, and quite parallel is the influence of Comte on English thought. Philosophy is not to be despised, the 'evolu-

tion' will perhaps be more potent than 'revolution.' It probably points to a mightier conflict in days to come than has ever yet taken place on our globe. Comte declares that the era of theology and of metaphysics is completely gone. Sociology is the only science. The one problem of philosophy is 'the reorganization of human society without God or king, through the systematic worship of humanity.' All through our speculative literature there runs a vein of Comteism, and there is a distinct school of British Comteists. The old *anima* of the philosophers has evaporated—thought is merely *cerebration*—anything spiritual is an exploded idea. The Commune of Paris threw some sort of light on the practical working of abstract questions.

There is one sort of philosophy, however, for which the English mind seems to have a natural affinity. Though the present age is scarcely a philosophical age, for it is too thoroughly Baconian to have any intense liking for abstract speculation, it is pre-eminently a scientific age. Whatever else science may mean, the world has found out that it is very susceptible of meaning ready money! Faraday was offered immense sums if he would desert the study of pure science for its business applications, but he preferred honourable poverty. It is as well that men in every walk of intellectual life should be found to protest against the Philistinism of the day, the increasing tendency to reduce all things to property and common denomination. The material aims of natural philosophy cause men to like it. We all rush off to hear Tyndall and Huxley. But we must beware of the absurdities of wise men. For scientific men are so intent on

being philosophers, and at times they become very unphilosophical. Truly Molière says, that reasoning turned reason out of doors, and Cicero anticipated him ages before. 'Nihil est tam absurdum quod aliquis philosophorum non aliquando dixerit.' What has been called the Scientific Imagination has been playing all the vagaries of Sensationalism. Thus Sir William Thomson extemporises the brilliant figment of our earth being gaily furnished forth from the vegetation of some list of *débris* of a lapsed comet. Thus Mr. Darwin throws society into convulsions by, to our mind, the absurdest theory ever invented. Mr. Darwin, as a scientific man, commands an amount of respect which, not undeservedly, amounts to absolute reverence. Men follow him from that 'First Voyage of the Beagle round the World,' through his 'Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs,' his 'Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands,' and 'On South America,' to his great work on the 'Origin of Species,' and its further development in the 'Descent of Man.' It is in these later works that Mr. Darwin mixes up so much speculation with his scientific facts and deductions, and has a vision of the time when, through the process of natural selection, 'eventually the body of Osiris will arise in all its incomparable perfection.' It will be enough to remind the reader that the 'Origin of Species' was translated into nearly all modern languages, and the controversy has given rise to some two hundred independent publications. But though we read Mr. Darwin's books with respect, and listen to him with all deference when he talks about orchids, erratic boulders, and climbing plants, yet those who possess not

a tithe of a tithe of Mr. Darwin's genius and knowledge, may be able to convict him of faulty reasoning. We are not even going to be aghast if Mr. Darwin brings man from a monkey, or a monkey from a mollusc, feeling sure that truth will take care of itself. But when Mr. Darwin talks of the moral sentiments of cats and dogs, and invents an utterly unheard-of theory about language, for which he has no Lamarck to be indebted to upon his theory of the 'Origin of Species,' then he would be best laughed out of court by a Cervantes or a Molière. At the same time, it must be borne in mind—a fact which Darwinists continually forget—that Darwinism has a distinct philosophical plan. It is, in fact, the old sensationalism of Condillac revived. Man is displaced from all the high relations, for his claim and thought, feeling and belief, are simply transformed sensations.

But the chief of all our philosophers is, doubtless, the mighty Mill. We remember the time when at Oxford Mill was all the rage. Men of the Baliol stamp, as they were roughly termed, accorded to him a reverence which they would be slow to concede to St. Paul. Analysis of the 'Logic' were published, and we should not at all be surprised to see a Concordance to Mill as there is a Concordance to the Bible, to Shakespeare, and to 'In Memoriam.' M. Taine, with his intense appreciation with the leading intellectual influences of England, has devoted a brief work to Mr. Mill. The fact is, Mr. Mill has touched many subjects, all the 'knowledge,' to use Bacon's term, and he has treated all with remarkable ability. The works on 'Logic' and 'Political Economy' are far beyond our feeble praise. Originally, there was

an idea that there was only one Comte, and Mill was his prophet; but the famous article in the "Westminster" was very displeasing to the Comtists, and was vehemently impugned by some of them. Mr. Mill's election for Westminster gave an immense *impetus* to his reputation, and on one or two occasions he brought over Mr. Gladstone to his way of thinking. It was much to be regretted that the Westminster election ejected Mr. Mill, and sent him to Avignon instead of to St. Stephen's. At the same time it must be confessed then, when men saw abstract philosophy personified in Mr. Mill's flesh, they thought that it was at times a little quick tempered and irrational. The calmness and dispassionateness of philosophy were perhaps a little discredited by him. In fact, it is a sad truth that the atmosphere of philosophy is sometimes as turbid as that of parliament or convocation. Even in pure science, when Dr. Royston Piggott lately carried the microscope to higher powers than it had hitherto been known, a good deal of temper was shown by less-gifted microscopists. Here, then, is another of the human drawbacks of divine philosophy. Again, as a champion of woman's rights, Mr. Mill awoke a tender interest in many, and a general interest in all. His avowal that he owed whatever was best in his writings to his wife, is exceedingly touching and instructive. His 'Essay on Liberty' touched a national chord of a convenient length, and in a tone and style that are admirable examples of the philosophical treatment of a great subject. But, in fact, Mr. Mill has circumnavigated all the waters of philosophy, and has laid under contribution all the streams of truth. He has more than sustained the great hereditary fame

which he inherited from his father, the historian of British India, and beyond that, one of the most potent intellectual influences of his time. A remarkable work which binds the two Mills together, and affords a spectacle of philosophical discipleship, is the edition of the elder Mill's work on the 'Human Mind,' which is edited by John Stuart Mill, and annotated by Mr. Grote, Mr. Bain, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Mr. Findlater. Mr. George Grote, the historian, was as vehement an upholder of John Stuart Mill, as Professor Grote, of Cambridge, was his opponent. George Grote's review in the 'Westminster' of that great intellectual cause, Mill *versus* Hamilton, has been reprinted, and is a clear exposition of two conflicting schools of thought. It will be necessary to revert to Hamiltonianism again, but if our readers have not already acquired some ideas on the merits of that mighty controversy, it will be impossible to give them any enlightenment within the limits of the present paper. There was a little dingy room in the old India House in Leadenhall Street, where Mr. J. S. Mill used to receive his friends for philosophical discussion, and there he composed some of his treatises much about the same time when Macaulay was appropriately writing his 'Lays of Ancient Rome' in his room at the War Office. One very important landmark in Mr. Mill's career, is the fact, that some thirty years ago he introduced Comte, and secured for him a wider recognition than any which he had received among his own people. Mr. Mill's system is, in fact, a modified Comteism, and he rejects the 'Culte Systématique de l'Humanité' as much as he rejects 'Transcendentalism' itself. Mr. Mill says, 'there is not any idea, feeling, or power, in the

human mind, which, in order to account for it, requires that its origin should be referred to any other source than experience.' In fact, Mr. Mill, throughout the course of his philosophy, has no room for belief as distinct from knowledge. At the same time he gives some sort of sanction to the argument from design, which thinkers even still more advanced than he is, are giving up or attacking. Still, after all, he represents British Empiricism. We believe, however, that on this point he is not in harmony with the instincts of British Nature. On this point let us hear M. Taine, who has written on "Mr. Mill and English Positivism." 'An Englishman is naturally influenced by the sentiment of the far beyond. For him, beyond human experience, prolonged as far as it is possible to imagine, there is an abyss, a vast—we do not know what, whether blankness or brilliancy; and in this matter the most determined votaries of pure experience are at one with the believers. Beyond attainable things Herbert Spencer expressly places something unattainable, "the unknowable," the infinite basis, whereof we can touch but a portion and the surface. If J. S. Mill dare not offer this infinity which oversteps all limits, he at least admits it as a possibility. An expanse of darkness, empty or peopled, enveloping the narrow circle wherein flickers our little lamp. Such is the common impression made upon the sceptics as well as upon the faithful by the spectacle of things. Such an impression puts the mind in a solemn attitude; it does not proceed without a tincture of terror; the human beings are in presence of an incommensurate and overwhelming spectacle; he is inclined to wonder and awe.' We may compare with this a

powerful sentence of Mr. Masson's: 'One may even figure to oneself that the entire human cosmos is the totality of phenomenal existence, but as one of those glass globes in which in a lighted drawing-room, in these days of aquaria, some of the guests may be seen studying the little forms of filmy and filamentous life attached to stones and weeds, or the movements of the small fishes, as they go round and round, speculating confusedly with their eyes what is all that glamour beyond the globe and away in the distance of the room.'

'The world knows nothing of its greatest men,' says Sir Henry Taylor; and I certainly think that the world knows nothing of its greatest philosophers. A particular school of philosophy—that of the Utilitarians—is fashionable just now, and, indeed, rules in those few periodicals which are open to philosophical discussion; and when a writer like Mr. Lecky forsakes the popular school, and advocates the once popular doctrine of Innate Ideas, then the materialistic and sensationalist philosophers fall foul of him. Certainly this did not happen without reason in M. Lecky's case, for Mr. Morley, in the critique of his first chapter in the 'Fortnightly,' convicted him of blunder after blunder, according to the rules of formal logic. But if we go to the deepest, the profoundest thinkers of our day—those who, in all probability, will most deeply and most permanently influence the thought of the nation—I do not think we should go to the most popular and best-known writers, whose names *volitant per ora virum*. Hegel said, when he was dying, that there was only one man who understood him, and he did not. If living, he would add another and more competent disciple, in the person of Mr.



Stirling, the author of the 'Secret of Hegel.' How few are those who know the writings of such acute adepts in mental science as Dr. McCosh and Dr. Ingleby! There is living in a little Sussex village, just worthily removed to one of the foremost places in the Church, a divine who is probably our deepest religious thinker since the days of Butler, if Butler himself be not left behind. Our greatest thinkers are by no means those who are most prominently in the van of the present time.

But if we look at the real philosophical forces of this country, we must by no means restrict them to those philosophers who might roughly be described as the school of English psychologists. The public love a dash of philosophy, and our great public favourites give them a liberal dash of it. Neither would it be correct to say that philosophy is tolerated for the sake of their favourites, but rather, that we English are, upon the whole, a serious people, and we like this element of seriousness even in our fiction and poetry. Ordinarily, as we have said, philosophy comes to men in a very infiltrated fashion. Thus Sir William Hamilton excogitates some weighty thought; it is polished and presented anew by Dean Mansel; thence it is taken up by Canon Liddon; it slowly permeates through a stratum of parsons, and, in course of time, becomes part of the ordinary stock of common ideas. Similarly in philosophical terminology. From the books a word finds its way into Oxford common-rooms; it crops up in the leader of some periodical, and soon becomes stamped for universal currency. There is an affinity in the English mind for speculation, only it must not come in a dry, abstract fashion, must not be a

metaphysical discussion about the Unconditioned and the Unknowable (*pace* the metaphysical societies of Oxford and London), but must clothe itself in art, poetry, passion, fiction. Perhaps, after all, Shakespeare is our greatest philosopher. If we wished thoroughly to examine into the extent and nature of philosophical thought in English society, we must take count of other writers besides the mighty Mill and the redoubtable Hamilton. Many people, of a junior kind, would even set off with Mr. Tupper, who proclaims himself a proverbial philosopher of the deepest dye. I remember hearing a young lady tell an Oxford man, that she considered Tupper immensely deep, and beyond an undergraduate's understanding, adding, impressively, that she herself understood Tupper perfectly. But no one can read Mr. Kingsley's stories without recognising that there is a true vein of philosophy in his writings, often, indeed, disappearing beneath the ground, but gushing forth again bright and clear. What an admirable vein of social and political philosophy runs through all the charming writings of the author of 'Friends in Council.' Look, for instance, at his last work, 'Thoughts on Government,' where, writing almost within the very shadow of the palace, he sketches the outlines of various sweeping changes. What reader of the Brownings, especially of Robert Browning, felt how tenderly and profoundly whatever he had of philosophic thought was deeply stirred within him? Who is it that does not believe that Mr. Ruskin, despite the aberrations of his political economy, despite an occasional extravagance and vehemence, has been a vast philosophical 'moment' in this country, and that multitudes have been the purer, brighter, and better, for

those noble thoughts set to noble words, like perfect bars of music. The influence of Mr. Carlyle has been absolutely enormous in moulding the opinions of the most thoughtful and intellectual of our thinking men, and giving them their first tastes in German literature and philosophy. How many of the young men of the day trace up their intellectual ancestry to Coleridge, through such men as Mr. Maurice or Julius Hare? Then again in history, while the imagination has been chiefly struck by such writers of the pictorial school as Walter Scott and Thomas Babington Macaulay, yet the philosophical school has been surely gaining ground and culminating in such men as Mr. Buckle and M. Lecky. We have elsewhere spoken of those large philosophical and ontological questions which mix themselves up with the physical science of our day; but of all the writers who have popularised philosophy, perhaps Mr. Tennyson is the most eminent. We see this in various poems—in 'Maud,' in 'Lucretius,' and most of all in 'In Memoriam.' We are all of us sometimes worse than ourselves, and sometimes better than ourselves; and there is more than the average Tennyson in 'In Memoriam.' It is to be regretted that amid all the pains that have been lavished upon this wonderful production, an adequate tracing-out of its philosophical vein has not yet been achieved. You may trace in that poem the reference to the latest scientific question, the most recent outcome of philosophical speculation. We have had nothing like 'In Memoriam' since. I wonder if Mr. Tennyson could write it now. It seems to have been wrung out from him by a great sorrow, and that the vein was exhausted in the effort. There is a chasm, wide and deep, so as to be immea-

surable, between 'In Memoriam' and 'Tristram and Isolt.'

The late Mr. Maurice was both a philosopher and a theologian; and in an unusual degree he gave a philosophical colouring to his theology, and a theological tone to his philosophy. He was in his youth a member of that remarkable society of young men at Cambridge, known as the Apostles, who have encouraged high thinking in England perhaps in a higher degree than a similar association that can be named. He had been *littérateur*, novelist, scholar, but most of all he was a philosopher. Mr. Maurice had also family affinities with some of the most remarkable writers of the day. He had not that patristic learning or familiarity with German exegesis that enabled such men as Trench and Alford so prominently to set their mark on the clerical mind; but Mr. Maurice seems to have been superior to both those eminent men in philosophical culture and in breadth of intellect. His distinctive principles were only few; but he surveyed the whole world of thought in their illustration, and he was sometimes almost lost in the illimitable fields over which he wandered. His mind was essentially of the Socratic cast. Plato-like, he would delight in dialogues of Search and Negation; and the intellectual process of inquiry was as welcome as any of its results. He was one of those who were brought within the living influence of Coleridge, and in a transmuted form transmitted that great philosopher's esoteric teaching to a new public. Mr. Maurice had an extraordinary power of concentrating abstract thought on contemporary history. We have heard him spoken of, in the '48 times, as the Christian Socialist; and certainly he would not then have disdained the title of Communist if permitted

to give his own definition of the term. His best sympathies, his best energies, were with working men, nor would he greatly care for speculations which were untranslatable into action. His nature vibrated to every wave of current history, and he was consumed by the love of truth and freedom. Mr. Maurice gathered round him a band of earnest and attached disciples. His friends often loved him with a passionate enthusiasm, and looked upon 'the Prophet' as an ancient school of prophets would look on the mighty prophet of their time. The preachingship of Lincoln's Inn, one of the great prizes of the Church, was at one time occupied by a rhetorical non-entity, while the humbler post of chaplain belonged to the ardent philosopher, who often drew together the best minds of London. How many of us there are who recollect those afternoons of long ago, in that exquisite chapel of almost cathedral-like beauty, where the stained light fell grandly through the illuminated windows, perhaps lighting up, as with a glory, the noble face and brow of the preacher! We used to hang on his rich, tremulous, eloquent accents, which have left on so many an ineffaceable impression. Mr. Maurice was in those days the centre and focus of wide spiritual and intellectual interests. His conflict with Principal Jelf, on the import of the word *eternal*, lost him his chair at King's College, but perhaps deepened and extended his popularity. Nevertheless, when the First Commissioner of Works transferred him to Vere Chapel, he did not seem to retain the same hold on a more mixed assemblage as he did on the more select audience of Lincoln's Inn. It is an odd comment on the popular distaste for high thinking, that one summer morning when we were

there, about thirteen people were counted fast asleep. Subsequently, Mr. Maurice surrendered this position, and fixed his abode at Cambridge. In early life he had been a Cambridge man, but had migrated to Oxford, partly from circumstances of history, and partly, perhaps, because he had more tastes and sympathies with the Oxford course. His first university, however, claimed her alumnus, and he reflected immense lustre on the philosophical chair which he was called to fill, in which he succeeded perhaps a sounder thinker—the late Professor Grote.

Mr. Maurice was a writer of the *chiar-oscuro* order. In fact, he had two styles, one eminently transparent, the other involved and obscure. When he had to present philosophy in historical forms, he was remarkable for clearness and precision. His four volumes on the history of Philosophy are, perhaps, his most useful and permanent writings. On philosophico-religious subjects, invested with some degree of mysticism, some degree of metaphysics, it was often extremely hard to detect his real point of view. We have gone through some of his writings, pencil in hand, and could only very rarely, as lighting upon a definite opinion, underline a passage or two down a page. The thought was often so vague and subtle as to elude fixity; and there are various interesting subjects on which we should be glad to be assured what Mr. Maurice's real opinions were. The intellect was splendid and lucid, but perhaps not without an alloy of what was crochety. We confess that, for ourselves, obscurity of style generally argues obscurity of thought. A perfect style ought to be like the atmosphere of a Grecian heaven, making all things visible, and invisible itself; or, to vary

the simile with an image of Tasso's—

'A thin, transparent veil,  
That all the beauties of the form discloses,  
As the clear crystal doth th' imprisoned  
roses.'

Mr. Maurice's wonderful influence was, to a great extent, a personal influence; none of his writings have the simplicity, charm, and tenderness of his conversation.

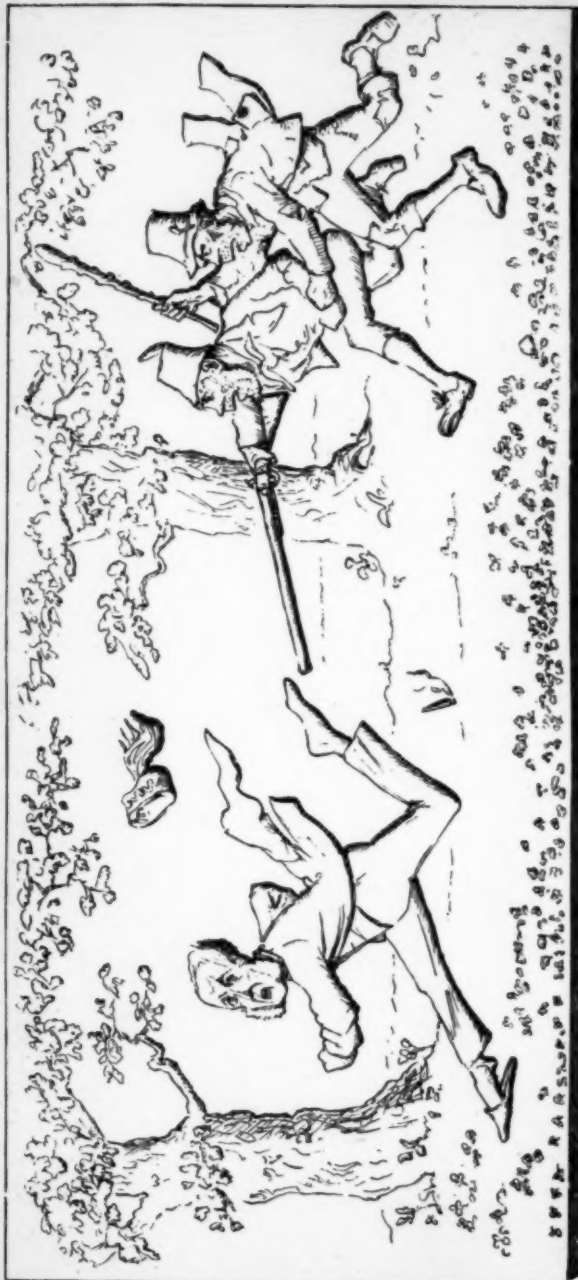
It may be permitted us, on the present occasion, to turn from the philosophical character of Mr. Maurice's writings to some personal mention of the great and good man whom we have lost. When Mr. Maurice left King's, he went to Queen's; that is to say, he threw himself with peculiar energy into the cause of woman's education, especially in Harley Street, and in the new institution at Hitchin. In the progress of our days his efforts to procure the highest intellectual training for women will be gratefully recollected. He also gave some of his best teaching to working men's colleges, culling all the philosophy of history to throw light on the suffrage question. The writer of these lines recalls with peculiar feeling those occasions on which he was privi-

leged to have personal intercourse with Mr. Maurice. He was one of those public men—assuredly not too many—whose hold upon you is infinitely strengthened when you are brought into direct relation with him. The present writer did not agree with Mr. Maurice in various of his opinions; and on one occasion of discussion we think Mr. Maurice did not fairly grasp or state the meaning of his opponent's argument. But it was impossible to spend any quiet hours with him without being struck by the sweetness, and dignity, and amiability of his character, the ineffable charm that pervaded the large knowledge, the incisive sentences, the keen, kindly feeling of his conversation; and everything that one knew of his life was in harmony with the character of one who, in all respects, was a good man, and in some respects a very great man. He has passed away leaving deeply cherished memories in many minds—leaving behind him, in his class, no bolder or more original mind, no greater lover of righteousness and truth. He sleeps, but is not forgotten.

εἶθεῖς ἄλλ' οὐ σείο λαλασμένοι ἄμεν.







# IRISH LANDLORD AND HIS TENANTS

(Temp. Queen Victoria.)

*A design for a prize for some public building.*



## ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN ENGINE-DRIVER.

I DO not think I ever felt prouder in my life than I did one morning when Mr. Job P. Slogger, our locomotive 'boss,' accosted me as I was making ready the 'Milwaukie' to take the 'through' train westward—

'Well, George,' said he, 'heard the news? Guess not, eh? You ain't got to run this route again?'

I turned pale, knowing I had got into some scrape, but I only said—

'Why?' he repeated, smiling at my scared looks—'because you're put up in Abel's place. You had kinder spy, I reckon?'

I did indeed feel 'kinder spy,' for Abel, a first-rate hand, had just been promoted, with a handsome *douceur*, for gallant conduct upon a certain occasion. I was his companion on that occasion; and as the adventure was the cause of my being made an engine-driver. I will, with your permission, succeed to relate it without further preface. Soon after my arrival in the States, I succeeded in obtaining a situation as fireman on one of the trunk lines. After a time I became associated with Abel Storer, who had the reputation of a first-class engine driver, though he was, to my taste, a little too reckless; and when 'in liquor' nothing daunted him. From Abel, I heard many tales respecting the encounters he had had with 'white Injuns,' as he denominated certain filibustering gentlemen, who had a playful habit of disguising themselves as native Indians, and carrying off any specie or ammunition contained in the wagons. At times indeed, I believe, they did not hesitate to commit the most dreadful outrages under the guise of the war-paint.

One morning, about two months after my having been appointed 'fireman,' we got orders to take a train down to Landerville. Abel was accordingly, in great hopes of shooting some 'Injuns,' and provided himself with a quantity of ammunition for his six-shooter. I, more sceptical, neglected this precaution. We started, however, carrying a quantity of specie in boxes, some valuable stores, and a 'sack' full of 'bottles' in our coaches. We had assigned instructions to certain of our men, and they had better than we expected, and that of it had not prevented the little party from getting up the other end of that place, our train being subsequently helped up by the other locomotives.

We arrived at Hankins riding in safety about five o'clock, and hearing nothing of the following train, replenished the engine, and then proceeded to look for some food for ourselves. We pitched upon a small store, where we managed to procure food, and some of the most fiery stuff (one called whiskey) that I ever tasted. Abel smelt it readily, however, while I denied myself to the food. We were on the eve of departure as two rough-looking fellows entered, and demanded 'liquor,' 'taking stock' of us as they swaggered about. Seeing that Abel was becoming more interested, and recollecting that the passenger train must be due, I attempted to remove him, but one of the strangers, stepping forward, requested us to 'quit up' before we started. Abel growled a drunken answer, and I, not being to refuse, sat down when the 'drink' was being poured. During the consumption of the



# IRISH LANDLORD AND HIS TENANTS

(Temp. Queen Victoria)

*A design for a badge for some Anti-Slavery Society.*

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We arrived at Bunkum siding in safety about five o'clock, and hearing nothing of the following train, replenished the engine, and then proceeded to look for some food for ourselves. We pitched upon a small 'store,' where we managed to procure food, and some of the most fiery stuff (mis-called whiskey) that I ever tasted. Abel drank it greedily, however, while I devoted myself to the food. We were on the eve of departure as two rough-looking fellows entered, and demanded 'liquor,' 'taking stock' of us as they swaggered about. Seeing that Abel was becoming more intoxicated, and recollecting that the passenger train must be due, I attempted to remove him, but one of the strangers stepping forward requested us to 'liquor up' before we started. Abel grunted a drunken assent, and I, not daring to refuse, sat down while the 'drink' was being prepared. During the concoction of the

'reviver,' Abel kept wandering aimlessly about, swaying recklessly against the tables, and when the glass was at length presented for my acceptance, he lurched heavily against the stranger. Crash went the tumbler upon the floor; while amid a volley of curses I dragged the offender from the house, and managed to regain the engine unmolested.

Anticipating we should be followed, I kept Abel's revolver in readiness, but after a time I noticed two figures proceeding in the direction of some log huts, which lay some little distance down the line upon the left. As the strangers disappeared over the brow of the hill, I turned my attention to Abel.

To my astonishment, he responded to my first adjurations by saying, as he gained a sitting posture, 'Darn them cusses, have they gone right away?'

For a moment I stared in speechless surprise. 'Why, I thought you were drunk,' I cried at length.

'Drunk!' he echoed; 'those fellows would have had you on your back in a coon's jump but for me. I know them the "Injun thieves," they're after our specie, my boy, as sure as shootin', but I'll tail 'em, the varmint. Which is the specie wagon?'

'Number eight,' I replied, wonderingly.

'Off with it, and tackle it on to the passengers' train,' cried Abel, excitedly; 'we'll fix their flints yet, by gosh!'

So we set to work with a will, but while we were uncoupling the wagon the other train arrived. Abel communicated his suspicions to the conductor, and in a few moments the specie was safely included amongst the passengers' cars. By this time the evening was closing in, and when we had placed the train on the siding at the top of the incline, to clear the

track for the passengers, I began to hope that our fears of any attack were groundless.

We ran down again with steam on, to get in the rear of the passenger train, and the other engine followed at a little distance. As our engine neared the points, just beyond the log-huts I have mentioned, several figures rose from their concealment. Without warning of any kind they deliberately fired at the engines as they passed. Surprise, more than fear, kept us for a moment inactive. But Abel quickly recovered himself. Shouting to me to lie down, he discharged two barrels at the nearest of our assailants. With a groan, he fell dead in his tracks. In a few seconds we had run out of range, but those upon the other engine were less fortunate. Unarmed as they were, the driver and fireman could make no resistance, and we, as well as the passengers, who were now turning out to their assistance, were obliged to remain passive spectators. The poor fellows were tumbled off the engine by their assailants, whose intention to seize the specie wagon was now evident. But in this they were foiled. Some of the passengers, having got within range, had by this time commenced a pretty hot fire against the 'filibusters,' who now found themselves in a fix, as Abel, reversing his engine, returned to the attack. Their position thus becoming untenable they started their engine, and ran quickly out of the range of the passengers' fire. But Nemesis was behind them. Abel, seeing their manoeuvre, turned on full pressure, and swore he'd shoot them ere he slept. Now commenced the most extraordinary chase I ever heard of.

The engine in front had a start of about half a mile, but we had greater power, and understood the management of the machine.

Both locomotives were well supplied with wood and water. One of our opponents attempted to jump off as speed was for a moment slackened, but he was hurled upon the line a bleeding mass. His terrible fate deterred his companions, who increased their distance and disappeared over the brow of the hill. We followed, going at a terrific rate, bumping and oscillating to such a degree upon the uneven track, that I fancied we should run off the line. We kept our course, however, gaining slightly for a time, Abel taking every opportunity of sending a bullet through the weather-board of the retreating engine.

As the excitement cooled a little, I for the first time discovered that I had been 'hit.' A trickling of blood from a wound in my arm, and a numb sensation, were anything but agreeable. A rough bandage stopped the bleeding, and we were then at liberty to observe the chase once more. Darkness came on, yet there was no token of any abatement of the speed, nor any apparent change in our relative positions. Occasionally a defiant whistle was borne back to us, but still on we swept through the night. Suddenly the red glow upon the track in front seemed to stop. We neared it rapidly.

'Dive!' roared Abel, just in time. As he spoke, two shots came whizzing through the glass in front, and fell harmless from the iron plate behind us.

'A "shave" that!' laughed my companion, 'but I'll be quits.' As he spoke he got out upon the frame, and told me to lie *cached*.

'What on earth are you about?' I asked. His reply made me shudder.

'I'm going to kill them on that engin', good-bye, friend.' He was gone—creeping over the wheel-casings to the buffer beam.

Now determined to win, I employed every means to do so. We were surely gaining! Another log upon the already roaring furnace. The valves discharged a cloud of hissing steam, but on I went hurrying to destruction.

In a few moments more the engines were almost touching; another shot, but no harm done. We bumped!—a grinding noise was heard, then another bump. 'Hurrah,' I cried, or rather tried to cry, for my throat was so parched that I could scarcely utter a sound, and regardless of risk was about to join Abel, when a shrill noise arose beneath us, and the other engine shot into the darkness ahead. With an oath I shut off the steam (further progress I knew was impossible with the heated machinery), and shouted to Abel. As soon as I could pull up I jumped off, and ran to the front. Abel had disappeared! Gracious heaven, had he fallen when the engines touched! I began to fear the worst, and to call wildly in the vain hope he might hear, but the whisper of the wind was the only reply. It was impossible that he could have gained the footplate of the other locomotive, and escaped instant death; had he fallen the engine would have killed him. Thus I argued, and after a time mechanically filled a pipe, and taking the lamp began to oil the cranks. Looking at my watch, I found we had been running for thirty minutes, and at such a pace that I knew the up mail could not be far distant, and that Landerville was only a few miles off. So I ran gently ahead again, and had not proceeded far when a sudden 'lift' of the engine nearly threw me down. I stopped and descended. At the side of the track lay a body horribly disfigured. The cow-catcher had struck him, and dragged him along. An indefinable

sensation of fear took possession of me. Was this Abel after all?

It was too awful; I managed however to turn the corpse upon its back. The features were indistinguishable, but all doubt was speedily set at rest; for by my lantern's light I recognized Abel's cap tightly clasped in the dead man's hand.

I staggered against the engine, and, now the excitement was over, sobbed like a child. The passengers in the train we had left, the up mail, all were forgotten, until I had reverently placed the body upon the engine. The silence was terrible. I persevered till I had covered the remains of my poor mate as well as possible; and as I sat down upon the engine-rail, I fancied I heard a distant rattle as of an approaching train. I rose and listened intently. After a pause, a whistle long, though very faint, broke the stillness. I stood ready to run if occasion demanded it, when again the whistle rose, this time loud and clear, and after dying away into a long wailing sound suddenly ended in three sharp quick notes. My heart leaped to my throat—*this was Abel Storer's signal!*

With trembling fingers I replied. In a few moments a dark object loomed in front, and Abel's 'hallo' was ringing in my ears. In two seconds more I was beside him.

'Don't wring a man's arm off,' he cried, 'I'm rather done.'

'Good heavens, how did you escape?' I said.

'I'd a toughish bout of it,' Abel replied, 'but, by gosh, I've won.'

'I fancied you were shot,' said I; 'look here,' and taking him to his own engine I showed him the body which still lay there in all its ghastly reality.

'Shot,' he laughed, in no way affected by the sight, 'no, sir; that's the coon I pipp'd in the

skull; he grabbed my cap, too, I may as well have it agin, I guess.' So saying he released the dusty head covering from his late antagonist's grasp, and calmly brushing it continued, 'Yes, you see when the engines closed I leaped on the step, and potted this fellow at once—didn't you hear the shot?'

I said I had heard a noise, but fancied 'twas a steam-pipe which had given way.

'No,' he said, 'that was my first fire. These Injuns had but one "derrick" between them, and this fellow was going to use it in my favour, but I luckily stopped that. The other tried a knife on my skin, but he was soon plugged. Then I had to go to Landerville to give information, and was returning for you when I saw your head lamp, and whistled accordin'—that's all!'

'Is the other unfortunate man dead?' I asked.

'Not he,' replied Abel, 'I only shot him in the shoulder—but he'll lose his arm, I reckon. We'd better be going, and see about the passengers now I think.'

We then coupled the engines, and leaving the dead undisturbed on one, mounted the other. On arriving at Bunkum city we told our tale, to which the mangled body of the filibuster bore gruesome testimony, and after a detention of rather more than an hour the passengers were despatched on their journey. Upon our return to head-quarters we were specially thanked, and otherwise more substantially rewarded. Abel was promoted to a comfortable permanent berth in New York city, while I was made an engine-driver, with the highest scale of pay, in his stead.

What befel me in my new appointment, my readers may perhaps be informed upon a future opportunity.

H. F.



## THE COMMON SENSE OF DRESS.



THERE ran a natural thrill of pleasure through the scientific world, when some time ago Mr. Darwin, after a weary search half the world over for his ancestors, found them at last, to his dismay, among the apes in Regent's Park. We wish him joy of the discovery; and we only trust that the Herald's College will re-construct his coat-of-arms to suit the occasion. The apes embraced their long-lost son, who was clad in swallow-tail garment and spectacles; they, his degenerate forefathers, being attired in hairy garments of a very old and indeed changeless fashion. It was evident that whatever our poor relations the apes had discovered in their struggle to reach humanity, they had at least never discovered a tailor. There they were, steadily engaged in

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their entomological pursuits, but still innocent of the true fall in the back, still ignorant of the suave grace of a rolling collar. They had become philosophical, perhaps, in their opinions about cocoa-nuts, sceptical may be about the improbability of apedom; but they had never heard of Poole, and a well-built garment was still as unknown to them as were the lost books of Livy. Thousands of years had gone by, and yet alas! the progressive great-grandfathers of Mr. Darwin had never seen a tailor's goose, or shaped out a sleeve board. The cares and pleasures of dress had been reserved for their two-legged and more energetic kinsmen, who had struck out cooking, the penny post, railways, and other trifling improvements, and whose women-kind had even invented crinoline and chignons, the last blossoms of civilization. No! we regret to say a 'Magazine des Modes' had never been enrolled among the treasures of ape literature.

The ape is vain, volatile, illogical, desultory; so far he resembles his biped brothers; but in one respect at least he differs from us Darwinians—he cannot make a tie, and is utterly ignorant of the art of heightening his natural charms by the subtle mysteries of dress. And in this point—this one point—the ape, an important rider in the great Darwinian race of civilization, seems indeed likely to be left permanently a bad second in the 'exciting contest.'

But we must not crow too loud over our weaker and hairy brother. We men did not discover the tailor all at once; Sartor Resartus was never in Paradise, that is quite certain. In the Golden Age the German tailor had as sorry a time

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of it as his friend the French cook, who literally could not toss up even a side-dish out of acorns and pig-nuts. What could Sartor, or his wife the Modiste, make out of fig-leaves?—pretty substitute truly for lutestring silks, Gros de Naples, and those rich Genoese velvets, thick as plush and soft as mole-skins. Waist-belts of honeysuckle tendrils. Pahaw!—no taste, no selection, *no je ne sais quoi!*—pretty cordon for a countess's waist, or the Juno-plumpness of a matron duchess! O crass and barbarous taste, worthy only of an age when society consisted of a single hum-drum couple, and when the most charming ball ever given by Lady Fitzrattle could only have mustered Lord Adam and Lady Eve, their pet camelopard, and their favourite boa-constrictor. Since then, indeed, the family-party has considerably enlarged: there have been several christenings, and two or three wedding-cakes have been cut and distributed; several acres too of common outside Eden have been successfully reclaimed; new roads have been opened up into the interior of the country. The average of arable land has, some say, considerably more than doubled, and exploration is still going on; sanitary measures are progressing; above all, we have invented tail-coats, and have given up hair-all-over, as was the early human manner. Still that greatest triumph of humanity, the tail-coat, was not discovered all at once; it was discovered piece-meal, like America. We first landed on the coat proper, and the tail was an after-thought; just as Patagonia was to the first crude notion of Columbus on the Bahamas. Our tails lengthened like those of young birds. The patriarchs, we have no hesitation in saying, began with short jackets. It took a Homer or an Alexander to strike out the idea of a tail. And

yet (poor feeble creatures that we are!) the swallow had been flying before us for several thousand years, mutely and vainly endeavouring to catch our eye, and urge us to Sartorial invention. But, then, be only kind enough to look at our weak and volatile brother, who is always chattering, yet never says anything worth mentioning. He, poor soul, has not even invented a smock-frock, the simplest and most primitive of all articles of dress, and he does not seem even yet roused to a full perception of the dignity of the tailor.

Yes, human nature is slow: it took several hundred centuries before we passed from the fig-leaf to the flounce; and now we have got it, like a child we are crying for some fresh and more expensive toy. We are strange creatures, say the apes, in our circular progression, and we don't know how to keep a good thing when we've found it. We run about imitating each other, and then we run about trying to be unlike each other; the poor chase the rich, and the rich pursue the poor in a ceaseless Atalanta race, with no possible goal but the end of the world in sight. Yes, we are strange fantastic fashion-mongers! and Mr. Darwin's restless little friends may well be heartily ashamed of their absurd relations. Perhaps of all follies, this perpetual butterfly change of fashions is the most irrational and the most unaccountable. Who starts the fashions, and who change the fashions? As well, my good, simple gentleman, with that delicious calm, inquiring face of yours, ask who was the Sphinx's grandmother? or what was the name of the god-father of King Cheops' barber's third cousin? There is some one behind the throne—some one greater than even the Duchess

of —, or any other acknowledged leader of fashion—who initiates all these things, and prepares the bills—to use a Parliamentary expression—that are eventually laid before the House. That some one is a milliner—we name no names—some Madame Clarice, Madame Elise, Madame Chose, is our true sovereign, and from her dexterous clippings the motley costume is built up which becomes the standard of the last new fashion. Formerly, it was the modiste of the Empress of the French, who, in her frantic desire to restore the fading beauty of her royal mistress, concocted these new costumes—dresses they can be hardly called. We English—a nation of copyers in architecture, novel-writing, painting, and, above all, dress—used to instantly assume these new costumes; till, like hunted animals, our old and new rich people, pursued by the vulgar, threw off bit by bit of the copied, re-copied habiliments, and hurried to the shore of the Channel, waiting open-mouthed, in ridiculous eagerness, for the boat that was to bring over another chameleon change for their restless backs. But the good Empress has gone from Paris; her jewels are sold; and yet this strange, invisible Harlequin queen, rules us islanders with a sway as binding as before. Still no mode can please us long: we shorten, we lengthen, we puff out, we shrink in; we cover ourselves with exuviae of the silkworm, the hair of dead women, the manes of dirty Russian peasant-girls, the wool of sheep; and yet, strive as we may, squander as we will, we fail to reach that ideal perfection, that combination of grace, beauty, and comfort which the tailor and milliner aspire to ever, yet aspire to in vain.

If when Mr. Ruskin has satisfactorily arranged the marriages of his fantastic and sentimental

peasants, settled the great labour question, and stippled 'up a few more water-colour studies of pearl-shells and red herrings, he will perhaps lay down for us certain canons of taste, which canons will, we affirm, clear away for us more earthworks of vulgarity, purse-pride, extravagance, and silly restlessness, than the Prussian cannon did in the whole of France. Our honoured self-appointed dictator in painting and political economy will no doubt lay down, as the four essentials of perfect dress—comfort, grace, simplicity, and beauty. In the Greek Peplon and Keitone, these four great requisites are all to be found, remembering, of course, the conditions of climate and the Oriental source of Greek costume. Walk through the Vatican or the Pitti Palace, and see in every Greek statue how exquisitely graceful are the folds of those simple garments, capable of a thousand changes, yet every fold pervaded by a simplicity which is beyond all art.

Take a 'Belle Assemblée' of to-day, contrast the artificial pinning up and bustling out of the Parisian Dolly Varden dress, with its sham rusticity and theatrical picturesqueness, with the suave flow and dignity of the robes of the Milo Venus, *par exemple*, and blush as red as rouge, ladies, at the false pretence, and servile, blundering copying of a costume that has been made, but has not grown from gradual adaptation. That simple robe and outer cloak, rich in beauty, immortalised by the genius of Phidias and Apelles, remember, never changed. The dress Homer saw enfolding Helen, when she came to him like Evening;

'Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.'

Aspasia wore when she passed to the bath, and it served to attire Cleopatra when she beguiled An-

tony. The only modifications it underwent were those of texture and woof, of coquettish folding and arrangement. It was as changeless, otherwise, as the Spaniard's cloak, the Turk's turban, or the Arab's robe. It is only our luxury, semi-barbaric, tasteless luxury, that cries out for monthly fashions and grudges if it be not satisfied. To change a costume when it once answers all wants of climate, taste, and common sense, is as insane as if a collector was to cut up his Raphaels and Titians, throw them into the common dust-hole, and cover his walls with sketches from penny illustrated papers. This restlessness, therefore, we must assume, is not a mere desire of change, begot of wealth and folly, but an impatient and disappointed search for perfection. If it springs from the latter source our restlessness is noble; our impatience generous, and worthy of admiration. If derived from the former only, it must be allowed by all who reflect, to be base, senseless, and contemptible.

Yet, in our impatience at such follies as that huge plaited doormat of false and ill-matching hair called the chignon, that crippling shoe that distorts the spine and spoils the figure, the tawdry sham jewellery, the fantastic panniers, the ear-aching little hats, and other short-lived follies of the day; we must not forget that, in some points, we are not half such fools (male or female) as many of our forefathers. Hold your sides, gentle or simple reader, when you think of the long dress Polish boots held up with gold chains to the knee, that Richard the Second and his foppish courtiers wore; laugh till you are crimson—at the one leg red, and the other blue, of the same prodigal and idiotic reign. Sneer away at the fifty pound

blonde and black wigs of Charles the Second and his dare-devil rakes; turn up your Pharasaeic nose at old snuffy Queen Caroline's ladies with their mountains of tow and puffed-out hair, as full of weevils and other unpleasant creatures, as a bean-stack full of rats, and powdered *ad nauseam* with scented flour. Scoff on at fat, puffy Bubb Doddington, his silk coat sewn with gold strawberries, and his tamboured waistcoat, with pockets deep enough to hold six packs of cards. Laugh your fill at Brummell with yards of white muslin, round his foolish neck, and at his 'Incrroyable' friend with his whole chin hidden in one vast bandage of cravat. Despise Benjamin Bowbell's rustic finery of striped Manchester waistcoats, crimson and salmon colour, striped stockings, white and blue, cinnamon and plum-coloured coats. Frown arrogantly, with all that contemptuous superiority that so endears the Englishman to his continental neighbours, at your grandfather in nankeen pantaloons and dancing pumps, frilled shirt, and green tail coat. Ridicule, if you like, your great uncle in his tasselled Hessian boots, and your great aunt in her vast Brandenburg bonnet and spiral ringlets.

On the other hand, however, rebuke your superciliousness by remembering that many of your ancestors dressed better and more sensibly than yourself. Very manly and noble was the attire of Chaucer's friends in the court of John of Gaunt, the short, tight-fitting tunic, with the heavy jewelled belt, being worthy the men who fought at Cressy, and sprang from the earnestness and sense of a large-hearted and chivalrous age. Becoming were the grave hoods and flowing robes of Henry the Fourth's reign. Graceful and

gallant was the dress Vandyke immortalized in pictures that reflect every type of gentle taste, courtly dignity, and perfect ladyhood. Admirable, too, for all requisites was the attire Stothard has suffused with poetry. The men with their own flowing hair, tied with a simple ribbon, the coat sloped off for ease in riding, the round unartificial hat, the boots without tops fitting tight to the leg. Admire his women with their unpowdered hair, simple dress, and broad gipsy hats. In our estimation there has never been a costume since more graceful, simple, and useful.

It is comforting, however, too, at least to reflect that, if at times we have been excelled in common sense by our forefathers, in many ways we surpass them. If we still build up our heads with hair raked together, heaven and the barbers only know whence, at least, our ladies do not have to sit up all the night before a ball to prevent discomposing our powdered pyramids, which have been wound round with gauze scarves and turned into baskets of flowers by light-handed *perruquiers*. At all events, we gentlemen do not array ourselves in white satin, pearls, and diamonds like Sir Walter Raleigh, and can, at least, face a London day of rain and mud without any more serious injury than a valet's clothes-brush can remove. Man's dress has grown more republican, more uniform, less expensive. Women's, we allow, more fickle, more changeable, and less adapted to age and circumstances. On the whole, perhaps, the rougher sex now shows more common sense in dress, and is less like Mr. Darwin's ape progenitor than he has ever before been.

Our male dress, imitated in France and Germany, is allowed by the whole Continent to be easy,

comfortable, useful, unpresuming and gentlemanlike. It is copied Underden Linden, and worn on the Boulevards. This is a great compliment; mind you, to us Englishmen, and is, and should be, a tall feather in our sufficiently proud caps.

Alas, for the common sense of things, can we say as much for the habiliments of our wives? In search for originality they have gone back to the pseudo-shepherdesses of one hundred years ago; in their desire for adornment, they have loaded themselves with false hair and false jewellery. They stoop to conquer, and the result is the Grecian bend. They lame themselves by wearing boots in which no sensible person can walk upright. As a fat king invented stuffed doublets, a temporary fat queen hoop petticoats, a scrofulous prince ruffs, so the lamented lameness of a beautiful princess has set our whole female world limping. No one, we feel sure, would limp because Garibaldi limped; but a princess!—ah! beautiful toadies, delightful parasites, you imitate only what you can appreciate.

But the common sense of dress? What should dress be? cries the alarmed reader, impatient for the moral that generally lies *perdu* at the bottom of an essay, like the brown powder at the bottom of the silver spoonful of jam. Patience, fair ladies, room wise gentlemen, at the canons of perfect dress, we have before hinted. Let us suggest some further rules for the consideration of unprejudiced, unsophisticated people of either sex.

First, then, all honest and graceful dress should follow, as far as possible we think, the shape of the body as devised and found good by the great Artificer. All that follows those beautiful lines must be itself beautiful. All that changes, deforms, or exaggerates,

those lines must be senseless, ugly, ludicrous, and untrue. Whether a gown swell out into the hoops of the great tun of Heidelberg, or project backwards like the reverse side of the Hottentot Venus, it is alike hideous. A gown may be of many folds, of many thick-nesses, but it should not turn a woman into a caricature of the form God made, and made last of all.

Secondly. Dress should be as much as possible true and honest—simple and rich all good dress must be. There is no object, unless a Bedlamite one, for instance, in swelling the head into the size of a bushel, with heaps of tow and shreds of dead people's hair, hair, the antecedents of which one shudders to think of. The human head, strange to say, was grandly devised, and needs no improvement if it be only kept well filled with brains. To blow it out like a bladder, is only what a feather-headed milliner could wish to do. The perfect ideal of a head is, we hold, a well-shaped Greek head, simply bound by braids of its own glossy hair, knotted behind or woven into a crown more beautiful than that of jewels.

Thirdly. No thoughtful person should feel any pleasure in wearing sham jewellery—sham anything. All shams are lies, false pretences, dishonest assumptions, unworthy of common sense and real gentleness. The beauty of gold is that it is gold, not that it looks like gold; the quiet satisfaction of wearing gold is, that it is a pure, lasting, beautiful metal, and just what it appears. To wear

false gold is to wear a miserable pinchbeck deception, worthy only of bagmen and bagwomen, swindlers and courtesans, and unbecoming the quiet honesty and frank sincerity of English gentlepeople.

Fourthly and lastly. Perfect dress should be rich, but not exceptional. It should never try to catch the eye, but please the sense with a quiet, almost unconscious charm. It is only the mountebank and the swindler who swagger in red and yellow. It is, or should be, only the Anonyma who paints. Away then with all vulgar excess in

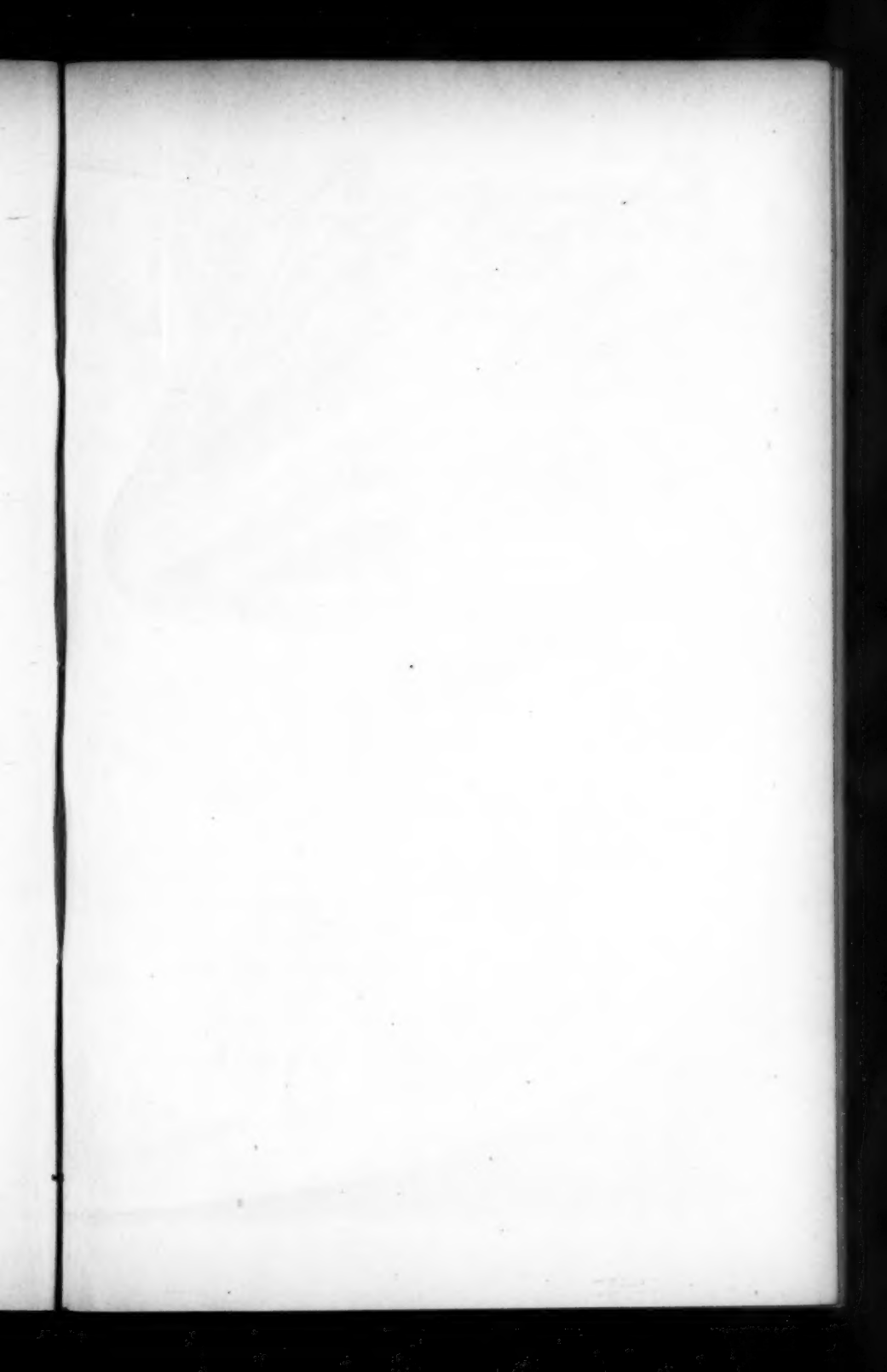
'Silken coats, and caps, and golden rings;  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales,  
and things;  
With scarfs, and fans, and double change  
of bravery;  
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this  
knavery.'

A race of wise people should dress like the grave folk in Titian's or Giorgione's pictures, whose costume you scarcely notice; their faces so glow with expression, and are so instinct with hope. Not at feasts, such as theirs, would one have had to despotically exclaim as now:

'Thy gown, why, ay;—come, tailor, let  
us see 't.  
O mercy, God! what mocking stuff is  
here?  
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-  
cannon;  
What? up and down, carved like an  
apple-tart?  
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish  
and slash,  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop;—  
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st  
thou this?'

Gradually we are reforming some of these evils; it is indeed time we reformed them altogether.









## THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

## M. TAINÉ'S NOTES ON ENGLAND.

M. TAINÉ has written a wonderful book about England, which has attracted attention all over the world, but which ought especially to be studied in England itself. Although no member of the Academy, he has, probably, more influence in this country than all the Academy put together. Among all his multifarious writings, his studies on England stand pre-eminent, and his work on the English people ought to be bracketed with his work on our English literature. The book is the result of notes made, at times somewhat hastily; but M. Taine possesses so ripe and fertile an intellect, that he has garnered lessons of wisdom which the most experienced Englishman might lay to heart. Into his peculiar theories—which, by the way, we believe to be quite wrong—we do not here enter, but the rare force and weight of his works are wonderful. Our climate, our scenery, our insular characteristics he well understands, though, with a Frenchman's love of scientific method, he is too fond of formulating them exactly. He notes and idealises every distinctive feature of the national landscape. His admiration of England is no new theory. More than eight years ago, he wrote, after walking beneath the shade of Oxford trees, '*Des arbres énormes, vieux de quatre siècles, allongeaient leurs files régulières; et j'y trouvais une nouvelle trace de ce bon sens pratique qui a accompli des révolutions sans commettre de ravages, qui en améliorant tout n'a rien renversé; qui a conservé ses arbres comme sa constitution, qui a élagué les*

*vieilles branches sans abattre le tronc; qui sent aujourd'hui, entre tous les peuples, jouit non-seulement du présent mais du passé.*'

But, despite that chorus of deserved praise with which the work has been received, we have some instances of imperfect observation and defective generalization. As a D.C.L. of Oxford, M. Taine has curiously mistaken the condition of the university which has adopted him. He says: 'An English university is, in many respects, a club of young noblemen, or at least of rich men.' M. Taine is certainly mistaken on this point. The majority of Cambridge men are poor men, and Oxonians are more and more approximating to this type. This is a fact, to our mind not to be regretted but rejoiced at, showing that the universities are really progressing towards what the ideal of a national university should be. Noblemen are becoming, much to their own loss, increasingly scarce at the universities. The whole tendency of Oxford is against those exclusive privileges which once belonged to the fellow-commoner class; and idle young men of fortune increasingly find, occasionally much to their dissatisfaction, that Oxford is by no means the place which they took it to be, and that it by no means suits them. M. Taine fails to detect that sceptical tendency which is alleged to prevail so extensively at Oxford. 'Out of an hundred young men whom one of my friends had occasion to examine, two only declared themselves free-thinkers; seventy belonged to the Broad

Church, the other to the two varieties called High Church and Low Church.' These proportions are hardly correct; neither is M. Taine correct in saying of the clergy and their work, 'The ceremony is a moral gathering, where the chairman speaks in a pulpit, in place of speaking from a platform. In his discourses, as in his worship, dogma is always put in the background.' Very amusing is his description of an Englishman's faith. 'In order to image to himself the mysterious country which attracts the aspirations of his soul, he has a sort of antique map, which is Christianity, explained by a highly reverend body of geographers, who are the clergy.' Such citations show that M. Taine has not sufficiently penetrated into the religious life of the country. It requires, indeed, an English training and a constant surrounding of English influences, to be able to understand this deeper idea of the English character, and it is not surprising that M. Taine fails, where many English writers equally fail. We notice M. Taine's mistakes, because the immense applause he has obtained, while it has not been undeserved, has been somewhat uncritical.

M. Taine tells us some English stories which we certainly had not heard of, and of which we are a little sceptical, though we are not in a position to rebut them. Thus, he says that many London servants have a club, an association whereof the members agree not to continue longer than two consecutive years in the same house; this is in order to leave less power to the masters. Then he tells a story of the late Lord Hereford (*sic*); he means Hertford. 'In 1848 he said to one of his French friends, greatly disquieted and a little put out, "I have a mansion in Wales which I have never seen, but which, I am

told, is very fine. Every day dinner for twelve is served there, and the carriage drawn up to the door in case I should arrive. The butler eats the dinner. Go thither, make yourself at home; you see that it will not cost you a farthing."' Such an incident might have emanated from the imagination of Dumas. That eminently plutocratic individual, the Count of Monte Cristo might have invented it, but we question whether it would have fallen in the way of the Marquis of Hertford or Sir Richard Wallace. In a similar vein of exaggeration he says: 'In every parish, even the most distant, one finds two, three, five, six families who have their hereditary seat there.' In most parishes there is only one squire, and in very many tenant-farmers are the principal people.

One might devote a section to M. Taine's account of Englishwomen. He can be cynical at times, but he is most at home in paying eloquent and well-constructed compliments. He falls in love with our beautiful old ladies whose cheeks are smooth, and softly rosy, and whose minds are as fresh as their complexions. He eloquently depicts 'the blonde maiden with downcast eyes, purer than one of Raffaella's Madonnas, a sort of Eve, incapable of falling, whose voice is music, adorable in candour, gentleness, and goodness, and before whom one is tempted to lower the eyes out of respect.' Yet he can be severe on 'the large, fat heifer, lymphatic, with white eyelashes . . . the female goose with silly goggle eyes.' M. Taine has a wonderful wealth of phrase in hitting off our peculiarities. How well he notes 'the farmer's face, his red hair, his clear complexion, veined with scarlet like a vine leaf scorched by the autumn sun, his cold and reflecting physiognomy.'

The clear diamond-like language of France has never been more accurately described than in the almost Dantesque power of phrase which he constantly exhibits.

Then M. Taine shows us with startling distinctness the ulcers in our social state, all those evils from which we can only be delivered by the love of God and the love of man. He had seen the worst quarters of Marseilles, Antwerp, Paris, but nothing so bad as he had seen at Shadwell: 'It was like a human sewer suddenly discharging its contents.' He has a word of sympathy for the poor beggars on Epsom Downs: 'They had that look of saying, like Sterne's poor donkey, "Do not beat me, I beseech you—yet you may beat me if you wish." The great social mill crushes and grinds here, beneath its steel gearing, the lowest human stratum.' Similarly, his view of the agricultural districts is something frightful, but we dare not say that it is exaggerated. 'The evil is greater, and the poor become more and more poverty-stricken. The large property increases, and the small one diminishes. The children wither, remain ignorant, become vicious.' Similarly he dwells strongly on the brutality of the English character. He is horrified at the fagging of our public schools, a system which has been popularly lost sight of for some time and which has certainly been ameliorated, but which still demands the indignation of the intelligent foreigner. But Manchester seems to have given him the most painful impressions of all. In going through the worst parts of the city he was fascinated by 'the gleaming wild animal looking eyes. . . . Every ten minutes we enter a different den; at our exit, the low room, blazing fire, flaring gas; the filthy band of haggard, beseeching or

dangerous faces, make us think about a vent-hole of hell.' Now these are not the remarks of an enemy, or of a cynic. They are by one who loves England enthusiastically, and has, indeed, a hundred generous prejudices in her favour. They anticipate the opinion of posterity, and we may say reverently the judgment of the bar of Heaven. The evils of town and country, where a rich class, growing richer, confronts a poor class growing poorer, as surely indicate a sore in our system, as the plague spot of American slavery was the cloud like a man's hand that portended the convulsion when the heavens grew black with storm. M. Taine dwells repeatedly and strongly on the stability of English institutions. He tells us that the social edifice rests upon thousands of independent columns, and not, as in France, upon a single one. And yet there are causes at work which may bow down this forestry of pillars.

M. Taine has some notes on a subject which excites a great deal of deserved interest just now—the condition of the agricultural labourer. He has keenly noted all the externals of this subject. His contrast between the English labourer and the French peasant is clearly to the advantage of the latter. The French peasant has, or aims at, the dignity of a landed proprietor, and he has an independence and dignity that poor Hodge and Clodge can never arrive at. But here again the question is wider and deeper than many English people see it to be, and it is no wonder that the Frenchman sees it superficially. Hodge and Clodge would be all the better for a little more education, for better homes, and those better drained, and for a larger proportion of animal food; and to do this they want a little



more pay. But the work of the labourers is assured them in health, and they have the rates to fall back on in sickness—which the country poor often regard as a kind of insurance and savings bank, although of course it would be much more desirable to substitute the regular thing; then the labourer has allowances and immunities which go far to mitigate his condition. He is generally a healthier, happier, and longer-lived being than the overpaid mechanic. Agrarian difficulties are always delicate, and require infinite care in their adjustment. The real remedy is emigration—emigration to the colonies, or migration to other parts of the country where the demand for labour is greater. M. Taine sums up things by saying, that the English get the highest uses out of life, and the French the most happiness; which is squaring things and making them pleasant all round, but is certainly not a solution of the problems presented by the condition of the two countries.

#### GOING CIRCUIT.

It is commonly said that the glories of 'going circuit' are now over, and that this is one of the points in which the Bar has essentially declined. There is a great deal of exaggeration in this lament over the past. I am sure my young friends at the bar, full of hope, vivacity, and intelligence, will find, or make, as much fun at their mess-table as is permissible in these sobered days. No doubt the conditions of circuit life are very greatly changed, and it is impossible that the old traditions can ever again be clothed in living forms. But though the elder men may regret these changes, the younger adapt themselves to new conditions and reap whatever good it may be possible to derive from

them. In various important matters there is no doubt but considerable changes and modifications are needed, beyond those which we have seen of late years. When, for instance, we notice how the two Chief Justices of England have lately been applying their powerful intellects to the investigation of ninepenny larceny cases, which even Justice Shallow might settle off-hand; when we see important cases on which immense sums have been spent, standing over time after time because the Assizes were not long enough for the trial of them; when we see heavy causes only half tried referred to an arbitrator to be tried over again, we certainly suspect that the mechanism of English assizes is not altogether perfect.

But we are now looking on the lighter social aspects of circuit life. There is no doubt a considerable disinclination among many to go circuit. It adds nearly two hundred a-year to a man's expenses. And in these days a man increasingly looks out for the worth of his money. Some will only join circuit for one or two counties; others are fond of the 'Home, sweet home,' and the proposition is now made, to which, it is to be hoped, that a strenuous resistance will be given, that the 'Home' should be altogether abolished. The Home is much the same, for social purposes, as Westminster Hall. Men hurry up from Croydon and Kingston to town in the evening, and such places are merely business places. In fact, that getting up to town is an increasing characteristic of bar life. In fact, the barristerial joke is, that men are to be found at snug dinner-parties, or in the smoking-rooms of clubs, when they are supposed by their belongings to be far away on circuit. The railway system has

not yet, perhaps, reached its full development, but on circuit barristers make the full use of it. The drawback to much railway travelling is the medical argument, to which men in the full rush of business pay very scanty attention. Things were so very different in the old days; when a man set forth on a dangerous expedition, having perhaps to fight a highwayman, or even perhaps have a duel with a companion. In those days a county town was really the centre and focus of county society; there were balls, sometimes, it has been said, over the heads of condemned prisoners; there were hounds and hunters; hospitality overflowed in the neighbouring manor-houses; the assizes were the great social event of the time, and the sittings near the judge were thronged with ladies whose eyes rained influence on impetuous advocates. We believe that much of this survives in a better form. There is not so much uproarious hilarity and wild wit as in the old days; but still the mess chronicles are worth preserving, and there are still little bits of social life which are dear to the barrister going circuit. That is a pleasant notice which Lord Campbell gives of the youthful days on circuit of the great Lord Tenterden: 'He still filled the office of Attorney-General in the Grand Circuit Courts, held at Monmouth, which I regularly opened as crier, holding the poker instead of a white wand; and being so deeply versed in all legal forms, he brought forward his mock charges against the delinquents whom he prosecuted, with much solemnity and burlesque effect—so as for the moment to induce the belief that, notwithstanding his habitual gravity, nature intended him for a wag.' Sometimes, however, these mock courts are much less agreeably

occupied than inflicting fines of bottles of wine on a man who has got married, or has received a crown appointment. Things are not so strict as they used to be; you may reside in an hotel if you have a private room, and an attorney is not, by any means, altogether regarded as a heathen man and a publican; but the public sentiment of the bar watches with a certain degree of jealousy all details of conduct, and an unwritten code of honour has absolute sway.

Some very pleasant reminiscences of bar life were once made at a public meeting by that eminent judge Sir John Taylor Coleridge, and as they are now inaccessible to the public, we are glad, through the courtesy of Sir John, to be able to reproduce some of the points touched on. Sir John significantly says that he must retain the reticence in matters relating to the Court of Queen's Bench, and not 'reveal any matter which might impair the authority of judgments or be painful to the feelings of survivors.' He alludes to the pleasant places which a barrister might, in the course of time, hope to see, while going circuit on the Western Circuit, and he speaks, too, of the 'softer natures' of the western counties. 'At every point there were off-lying objects, and places to which we wandered as time and leisure allowed in small parties. The Isle of Wight; Weymouth, Lyme, Sidmouth, and Exmouth; Plymouth by one route into Cornwall, or the Moor and Tavistock by another—the north coast of the two counties—the Quantack and Cheddar; all these, in fact, a circuiter might hope to visit in the course of this or that circuit.' Some of his reminiscences are exceedingly interesting, and though they relate to the old posting days, yet they are in the

main as true as ever of circuit life. 'Our circuit was a somewhat stately affair. The judges did not post, but travelled with sober haste, drawn by their own four-in-hand. The barristers posted or rode. It was an understood rule not to travel from place to place in any public conveyance. The "leaders" always had their private carriages, and some of them their saddle-horses, also. Our mess was rather an expensive one, and we had our own cellar of wine at each circuit town. This was under the care of our "wine trimmer," and a van, with four horses, attended us, under the superintendence of our baggage-master. There were our two circuit officers; two of our own number upon whose arrangements we depended much for our comforts, and to whom we looked on our "grand day," which we always kept at Dorchester, not merely for an account of their own departments, but also for the formal introduction of new members, and an account, generally given with much point and humour, of preferments, promotions, marriages, and any other incidents which might have befallen any of the members since the last circuit. "Offences" were, as we called them, always expiated by contributions to the wine fund. The leader of the circuit was the barrister highest in rank. He was expected to be a frequent attendant at the mess. To him application was first made in disputed points of professional etiquette, and he was expected to watch over the interests, character, and conduct of the circuit. Graver cases were reserved for the consideration of the whole body; our law was unwritten, and our decisions were neither recorded nor reported, but obeyed on peril of expulsion from the mess.

'The judges, I have said, travelled

with their own four horses. I may mention, also, one little circumstance, now passing into oblivion, that they travelled with their own "four wigs also." The brown served for the morning when not in court; the powdered dress wig for dinner; the tye wig with the black coif when sitting on the civil side of the court; the full-bottomed one, which was never omitted, for the crown side. Those were days, you know, when gentlemen in common life wore coats of every colour, but we always dined with the judges in black. Some judges, indeed, were strict in their notions as to the dress of the bar at other times. I remember once, when a party of us halted at Blandford for luncheon, on our way from Salisbury to Dorchester, at the same inn at which their lordships were resting for the same purpose. We strolled out while our repast was being prepared, and met them. One of our number had a black silk handkerchief round his neck, and a blue cloth cap with a gold lace band on his head. We observed that one of the judges drew up at this. It chanced that a few minutes after a recruiting party marched down the street with drum and fife, and at our luncheon the butler appeared with a demure face to say, with his lordship's compliments to the gentlemen at the bar, that, as some of them seemed to have a military turn, he sent to say that there was a recruiting party in the town, and they might like perhaps to take the opportunity of enlisting.

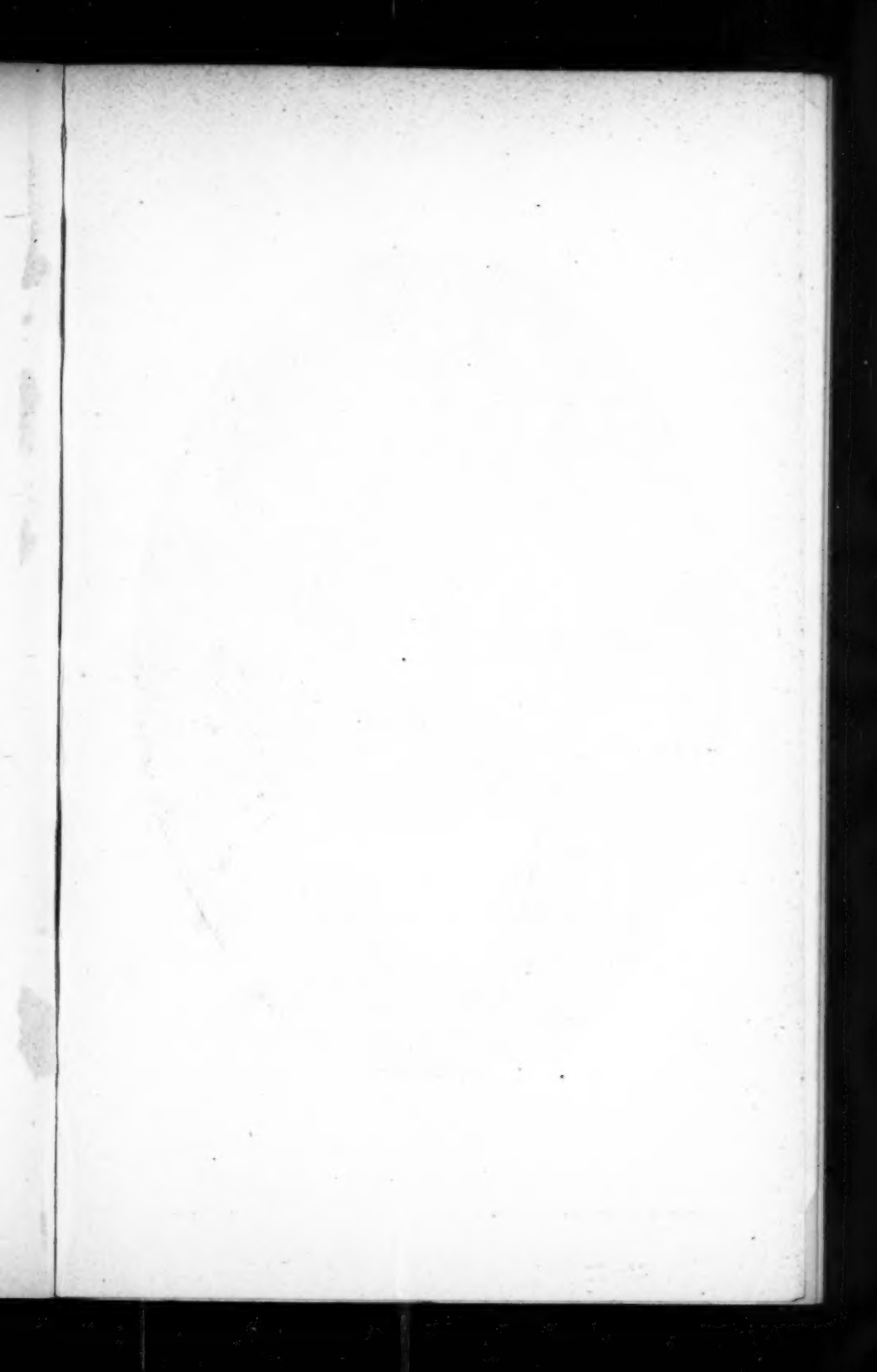
'I cannot say,' says Judge Coleridge, 'that the law was ever a hard mistress to me, and she did not allow me long to languish in idleness, nor ever suffer me to be without hope.' But he fully admits that 'there were elements of sadness to qualify the apparent general

light-heartedness of our body.' This arose in the case of men who had that hope deferred which makes the heart sick, who had heavy family expenses, and were unable to continue the heavy expenses of their profession. 'But it must be said that trials such as these, among the severest perhaps to which men can be exposed, were in general gallantly borne; and the feelings of disappointment, anxiety or distress, so nobly concealed, that to the many they were unknown. The few sympathised with the sufferers, and rendered whatever comfort, kindness and encouragement could afford, and not a little was done by the successful man in this way as opportunity afforded.'

A barrister in full practice has endless variety of life, incident, and character. Sometimes scenes are witnessed on circuit as remarkable as any of those which our dramatists have ventured to produce at the theatres. When the Asiatic Cholera first appeared in this country, a man supposed to be attacked at Dawlish by the epidemic, was hurried into a cart by the terror-stricken people to be taken to Exeter, but the poor man died on the journey. Three gentlemen of Dawlish who had been conspicuous in the matter were indicted for manslaughter. Judge Coleridge, who presided at the trial, directed an acquittal, as it could not be found that the exposure was the cause of death.

'With hesitation and certainty in the disappointment of the audience the jury acquitted the prisoner; but the painful interest of the trial was not over. To the three gentlemen this had been an agonising day. They had stood for hours in the dock. Their feelings were intensely excited, and when they found the prosecution suddenly and unexpectedly at an end, the revulsion of feeling was terrible. To one of the three it was overpowering. He was a post-captain in the navy, a tall, athletic man, of noble appearance and military bearing. Suddenly I saw his white teeth clenched, his frame convulsed; he uttered the most fearful shrieks, and threw his limbs about with great violence. It was not without extreme difficulty that he was overpowered, and removed into a room behind the court, where for some time his shrieks were still heard in the court. I fear that he never entirely recovered from the shock, and that for the remainder of the days he lived he was a broken man in health and spirits.' Nearly all barristers accumulate details of this kind. In after years their most distinct recollections refer to old scenes, as they passed from district to district in their circuit life; and as for our novelists and romancists, they seem to devote a large portion of their existence to following up the narratives of the assize courts.

F. ARNOLD.





MY MODEL.

Drawn by H. Herkimer.

*[Frontispiece.]*



# LONDON SOCIETY.

JUNE, 1872.



THE ROOM IN THE DRAGON VOLANT.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

DOWN the screw-stair I went, in utter darkness; and having reached the stone floor, I dismounted the door and groped out the key-hole. With more caution, and less noise than upon the night before, I opened the door, and

stepped out, into the thick black night. It was almost a dark day in the jungle.

Having secured the door, I slowly pushed my way through the bushes, which were dense and dark. Then, with great care,